CAMP AND FIELD.

IN FOUR BOOKS:

I. DIORAMA OF 1862.
II. NEW DISPENSATION.
III. OUTLOOKS FROM TORYTOWN.
IV. GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

BY

THE REV. JOS. CROSS, D. D.

MACON, GA.:
BURKE, BOYKIN & COMPANY.
1864.

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PAPERS FROM THE PORTFOLIO

OF AN

ARMY CHAPLAIN.

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INTRODUCTORY.

On the fourth of July, 1861, the author of these PAPERS entered the Confederate service as Chaplain to the Second Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, commanded by Colonel—now Major General—WILLIAM B. BATE.

Six months in camp and field on the lower Potomac furnished abundant material for a book. I returned to Nashville to put it to press. The publishers, in consideration of five hundred dollars paid in advance, commenced the work with most commendable zeal. Early in February, 1862, the stereotype plates were finished, and the last proof-sheets revised. The author hastened to rejoin the army in Virginia. In three weeks, at most, the book was to follow him.

Alas! there is nothing certain, but human uncertainty. Fort Donelson fell, and with it fell THE BANNER OF THE REGIMENT.

Messrs. Johnson, Rosecrans & Co., now have possession of the stereotype plates, with the entire material and apparatus of publication. It is plausibly whispered and earnestly hoped, that they intend to issue the volume at an early day, for the illumination and edification of the subjects and soldiers of Abraham The First. The author would suggest for their consideration—very humbly, however, and with great deference to their superior judgment—a long and elaborate introduction by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, copious and very erudite foot-notes by the Hon. Charles A. Sumner, and numerous artistic illustrations in the highest style of the engraver, not omitting Great Bethel, Bull Run, and Leesburg—as likely to add no little to the interest of the work and the profits of its sale.

Meanwhile, he begs leave to resume the narrative, interspersing biographical and characteristic sketches of Confederate officers and heroes, with battle-scenes, incidents in camp and field, interesting hospital experiences, suitable moral reflections, and occasional dissertations and discourses, which it is hoped will detract nothing from the merit or the utility of the volume.

These PAPERS from his PORTFOLIO are necessarily somewhat fragmentary in form, written as they were in the brief and uncertain intervals of official duty, amid frequent interruptions and manifold inconveniences, sometimes sitting upon the ground by night, with no light but the camp-fire, and no book but the Bible. In the quiet leisure of home, the work would have assumed a more consecutive character; but "what I have written, I have written;" and here is the panorama of the Confederate CAMP AND FIELD, with all its chasms and precipices; furnishing, perhaps, a truer, though less artistic, representation of the original, than if the former had been filled and the latter levelled.

Not aspiring to the dignity of a HISTORY OF THE WAR, this book may nevertheless serve as a quarry whence the future Historian may obtain some rough material for his work.

A memorial of Southern chivalry and patriotism, it is cordially commended to universal Yankee perusal.

BOOK FIRST.

DIORAMA OF 1862.

"And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing."

MONTGOMERY.

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I.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

(FEBRUARY—APRIL, 1862.)

"Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." SHAKSPEARE.

A few days before I left Nashville for the Potomac came sad tidings from our army on the upper Cumberland. Four thousand men at Fishing Creek had been led against ten thousand in their entrenchments; and had been repulsed and routed, with a loss of four hundred, including the gallant General Zollicoffer. Three days after the first rumor, fugitives began to come in, with terribly exaggerated accounts of the disaster. The following are the principal facts:

A council of commanding officers was called by General Crittenden. Immediate attack or ruinous retreat was deemed the only alternative. The council determined upon the former. The attempt was made on Sunday, the nineteenth of January. General Zollicoffer led the van with a desperate charge, driving the enemy before him, and pursuing the rout impetuously over the dying and the dead. He had gained the crest of a hill which was the stronghold of the foe, and had wellnigh dislodged him, when he fell, pierced by several balls. General Crittenden now

rode forward, and led his troops to the charge. The Tennesseeans and Mississippians fought with Roman resolution. But it was in vain. After a bitter conflict of three and a half hours, they were obliged to give way before the superior force of their opponents. The retreat was very disastrous. Our troops were much demoralized, and scattered in every direction. In addition to four hundred precious lives, we lost two parrot guns, eight six pounders, eight hundred muskets, one hundred wagons, twelve hundred horses and mules, with all our ammunition, and several boxes of arms unopened.

In the death of Brigadier General Zollicoffer, the South lost a brave champion, the army a gallant officer, and Nashville an excellent citizen. The country confided in him as a friend, and the soldiers deplored him as a father. During his long career as editor of a popular journal and afterward as a member of Congress, he was the constant advocate of southern rights and the uncompromising supporter of southern interests. His body fell into the hands of the enemy, but was subsequently forwarded to his family.

The disaster of Fishing Creek was soon followed by a greater, the fall of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson.

Fort Henry was the only defence of any importance on the Tennessee River. It was situated on the east or right bank of the stream, not far from the state boundary. On the morning of February the sixth, General Grant, with a force of ten thousand troops and five or six gunboats, assailed it by land and water. It was bravely defended by General

Tilghman, with two thousand infantry and nine pieces of artillery. The river, however, was in flood, and the back-water had surrounded the fort. Our infantry was half a mile distant. The Federals were between them and Fort Donelson. The only retreat possible was up the river. Tilghman, with his garrison of forty men, vigorously engaged the gun-boats, and thus gave his troops time to escape before Grant could cut them off. Our brave General stood steadfast at his post, pointing the artillery, and exhorting his little band, under a terrific storm of shot and shell. As soon as he saw that his infantry was safe, well knowing that further resistance could result only in a vain effusion of blood, he raised the token of surrender. The enemy, with three cheers for the Union, took possession; and the General, with his gallant forty, was carried away captive into Babylon.

There was now great anxiety about Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. The place was said to be impregnable; but the hearts of those who better understood the matter trembled with apprehension. The position was unfavorable, commanded by the heights above, below, and in the rear. On the thirteenth of February, it was attacked, as Fort Henry had been, simultaneously by land and water. Our troops, in their intrenchments awaited the onset of the enemy, repulsed them, and drove them back two miles or more, in great confusion, and with serious loss. The next day, the fourteenth, a formidable fleet of gun-boats made its appearance, followed by many transports, laden with Yankee troops. The ironcased leviathans approached in the form of a crescent, and

began to vomit fire and thunder at the fort. Our guns replied with vigor. Several of the monsters retired, severely wounded. It was plain, however, that our position was untenable against so overwhelming an odds. At night General Floyd called a council of war. The result was a determination to evacuate the place early the next morning, and attack the enemy in his positions. The enemy, however, was busy during the night. The returning light revealed his lines completely enclosing our little band of patriots in the rear. Every road was intercepted, and the Yankee batteries would probably soon cut off their supplies by the river, with all chance of escape. Buckner and Pillow, with their respective commands, made a furious assault, and drove the enemy back with dreadful slaughter. He massed his forces, however, and repulsed them. The conflict was fierce and stubborn, lasting more than two hours. Our troops were obliged to give way, and the enemy gained possession of our trenches on the right and in the rear of General Buckner's position. Again and again our brave boys renewed the struggle, and fought with desperate resolution. After nine hours of most bloody work on both sides, night found the enemy in possession of all the ground that we had won in the morning, occupying a position which commanded our most important works, and from which we had vainly endeavored with all our energy to dislodge him. He had been landing reinforcements during the day, and he now had eighty-two regiments, numbering nearly or quite forty thousand men. Our force amounted to only

thirteen thousand, and of these we had lost a large number. The poor fellows had been in the trenches day and night, without shelter and without sleep, covered with sleet and snow, nearly knee deep in mud and water, from the beginning of the contest. The mercury was now but a few degrees above zero, and a bitter storm was beating upon them. Their clothes were stiff with ice, and many hands and feet were frozen. Thus situated, what hope could there be of a successful renewal of the combat? Another council of commanders was called. It was proposed to concentrate our forces upon the right, and cut their way out. General Buckner prudently opposed the measure General Floyd thereupon turned over the command to General Pillow, and withdrew with his own brigade by the way of the river. General Pillow immediately passed his authority over to General Buckner, and followed Floyd. Buckner, supposing that their movement was an attempt to pass through the enemy's lines, accepted the command. Soon finding that they were gone, he was forced to capitulate; and with five thousand and seventy-nine of his soldiers, he was taken prisoner by the enemy. The world has heard how these heroic men were treated by the officers of "the most beneficent government on earth." Meanwhile, Floyd and Pillow were retreating up the river toward Nashville, where they soon arrived in safety.

The fort surrendered after a fight of four days and nights, the severest that had yet occurred during the war. The small Confederate force were indifferently armed, and the Federal army was at least four times

their number. Floyd estimated our killed at fifteen hundred, those of the enemy at five thousand. The statement is only conjectural. Within the entrenchments, and for two miles without, the ground was thickly strewn with corpses, and the snow was crimson with blood. Federals and Confederates were mingled promiscuously together, here wildly heaped upon one another, and there grappling each other in death. Many of the wounded remained two or three days where they fell, covered with sleet and snow; and some of them, doubtless, died from exposure to the cold.

The scene which ensued at Nashville is beyond all power of description. The news of the catastrophe shocked the city like an earthquake. Universal panic and confusion followed. The worshipping assemblies broke up in the midst of their sacred solemnities. Crowds of fugitives were seen hastening toward the railroad depots. All the turnpikes were thronged. Every available means of transportation was called into requisition. Trunks were thrown from three-story windows into the streets. The army stores were besieged by a ravenous mob. Poor people, black and white, rushed eagerly upon the spoil. Huge burdens of pork and flour were borne off in every direction. Vast quantities of provision were thrown into the Cumberland. Forrest was obliged to bring his cavalry to bear upon the voracious rabble, and jets of water from the steam fire-engine were employed for their dispersion.

The actors in these shameful scenes, however, were

only the more ignorant and unprincipled of the populace; the drift upon the stream of society;

"The scum
That rises upmost when the nation boils"—

chiefly free negroes, Northern adventurers, European lazzaroni, and the foreign vermin that invest all our Southern cities, and subsist by their own vices, or pry upon the virtues of the people.

When the Federals arrived, they found no welcome from the citizen, no sympathy, except among these "lewd fellows of the baser sort," and the mechanics and laborers, who were generally importations from Codfish-and-pumpkindom. Our merchants and business men showed an uncompromising adherence to the Southern cause. Our ladies treated the invaders with contempt and scorn, spurned them in the streets, closed their doors against them, and bore the consequences with a noble heroism. The story of their sufferings must remain untold, and the coarse insults and gross outrages daily heaped upon them still appeal to Heaven for vengeance.

The Second Tennessee Regiment, having unanimously reënlisted for the war, were all furloughed for a month. With glad hearts they set out from the Potomac, in three divisions, on the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth of February, to visit the friends from whom they had been so long severed. Few of them, alas! ever reached their homes. A week of most uncomfortable travel, day and night, in freight cars, without fire, amid rain and snow, with frequent detentions, brought us to Murfreesboro. Here we met Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston,

with his army, fallen back from Bowling Green. We fell sorrowfully into the train of the rêtreating host, followed them to Huntsville, and thence accompanied them to Corinth.

On Sunday, the sixth of April, occurred the memorable battle of Shiloh. Our forces were arranged in three parallel lines, the first commanded by General Hardee, the second by General Bragg, the third by General Polk. Johnston and Beauregard were in the rear. Suddenly, at sunrise, the deadly roar of artillery broke upon the calm, clear, Sabbath air; the fierce music of the murderous shell screamed wildly over head; and the little rings of white smoke, rapidly multiplying, showed where the dread missiles were bursting. To such sights and sounds many of our troops were quite unaccustomed; yet they cooly awaited the order to advance, then rushed forward with the force of a tornado, driving the northern hirelings like thistle-down before them. Again and again they rallied and reformed, only to be as often broken and scattered by the impetuous charge. Soon driven beyond their camps, they continued their retreat toward their gunboats on the river.

About half past two o'clock fell the gallant General Johnston, the peerless prince of our hosts. The sad fact was prudently withheld from the army, lest its depressing influence should affect unfavorably the fortunes of the day. The field, however, was won. Amid the music of musketry and artillery, "the noise of the captains and the shouting," the victorious hero yielded to all-conquering death.

Six o'clock found the enemy desperate on the banks of the Tennessee, his whole force crowded into a space of half or three quarters of a mile around Pittsburg landing. It is said that many of the fugitives, pushed forward by the terror-stricken thousands behind them, were forced into the river and drowned. The remnant were now safe under cover of their gunboats, but we were in possession of their camps.

With about thirty-five thousand men, we had routed fifty thousand, and taken more than three thousand prisoners, including Major General Prentice, and several brigade commanders. They had a hundred and eight pieces of artillery, nearly all of which we had captured, with many thousand small arms, thirty stand of colors, an immense supply of provisions, a vast amount of ammunition, and a great number of wagons and teams. The force we had defeated was the flower of the Federal army, consisting chiefly of north-western men, accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and familiar with scenes of hardship and danger. Their captive general said to Beauregard, "We have felt your power, sir; you have whipped our best troops to-day." They were well armed, well clothed, and well fed. A rich spoil was left in their tents, and scattered over the field; and the "golden wedge" and the "goodly Babylonish garment" occasioned the next day's disaster.

General Beauregard established his head quarters for the night at the little log church of Shiloh, while his men lodged in the enemy's encampments. Pillage and plunder occupied the night. The morning found multitudes laden with their booty, and quite

disqualified for the renewal of the conflict. Meanwhile, Buell had crossed the river, and Grant was reinforced with over thirty thousand fresh troops. With shouts of vengeful exultation, they assailed our enervated and partially demoralized little army. Again and again were they repulsed. But what human bravery could withstand such overwhelming odds? General Beauregard ordered a retreat. With unbroken ranks, and without any appearance of panic, our forces fell back unpursued, and resumed their position at Corinth.

Our loss in killed was one thousand, seven hundred, and twenty-eight; wounded, eight thousand and twelve; missing, nine hundred and fifty-nine; making an aggregate of ten thousand, six hundred, and ninety-nine, put *hors du combat.*

"Ah never shall the land forget
How gushed the lifeblood of the brave—
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet—
Upon the soil they fought to save!"

BRYANT.

The saddest event that occurred at Shiloh was the untimely death of our brave commander.

General Albert Sidney Johnston was a graduate of West Point Military Academy; had been an officer in the United States army; had served as lieutenant in the war against Black Hawk; had succeeded Gen. Houston in command of the troops in Texas; had organized and conducted a successful expedition against the Cherokees; had mingled with his compatriots upon the bloody fields of Mexico; had been inspector general to Butler, paymaster general to Taylor, and

secretary of war at Washington; had led the government forces against the Mormons, and afterward commanded the military district of Utah. On receiving intelligence of the opening of this war, he instantly resigned his position in the Federal service, came overland from California to New Orleans, hastened thence to Richmond, was appointed Major General, and took command of the Army of the Mississippi. It is said that when some one depreciated his soldiership to President Davis, the latter replied with emphasis, "If Albert Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have no general!" By many who could not see its strategical bearing and importance, his withdrawal from Middle Tennessee was much censured; but the event demonstrated the wisdom of the measure, and converted calumny and denunciation into applause. At the battle of Shiloh his noble spirit was still writhing from the sting of envious tongues; and, determined to vindicate his generalship and redeem the honor of the Confederate arms, he "jeoparded his life unto the death in the high places of the field." Had he been spared, probably the disastrous defeat of Monday had been unknown, and Grant's army had been crushed or captured before Buell's arrival with reinforcements.

It is vain now, however, to speculate. Johnston sleeps in death, and we will "leave him alone with his glory!"

"Give me the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on its bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!"

MONTGOMERY.

II.

MISSISSIPPIANA.

(APRIL—JULY, 1862.)

"In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy spirit should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,
Look aloft, and be firm, and be fearless of heart."

ANON.

ON the very day that our army fell back to Corinth, Tuesday the eight of April, Island Number Ten was abandoned to the enemy, with all our artillery and ammunition there, and a great number of men who could not make their escape. Before its evacuation, the Yankees had bombarded it fifteen successive days, exploding fifty tons of powder, and hurling three thousand shells, without doing any damage whatever beyond the killing of a single man; while our batteries had disabled one of their gun-boats, sent another to the bottom of the Mississippi, and hurried many a poor soul to its eternal retribution.

A severer blow to the Confederate cause was the subsequent surrender of New Orleans. The forts sixty miles below, after a furious bombardment of eight days' continuance, capitulated on the twenty eighth of April. The gun-boats now passed up, and Lovell shamefully surrendered the city. Treachery

and mutiny are alledged to have played their part in this disastrous tragedy. It was a woful day for Louisiana, "a day of darkness and gloominess, of thick darkness and the shadow of death." But "the Lord reigneth," and "the wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain."

On the night of the twenty-ninth of May, our army quietly evacuated Corinth. It was a military necessity, and the movement was most admirably conducted. The enemy's superior force, augmented by recent acquisitions, had reached the number of ninety thousand. Ours, originally not more than forty-seven thousand, had been reduced by disease, resulting from the use of bad water and inferior food. The Yankee moles had dug their way from Shiloh, more than twenty miles. We had twice offered them battle outside of our entrenched lines, and they had twice declined the offer. Far too prudent were they to expose their precious clay in fair fight upon an open field. Their subterranean march was safer, and siege-guns and mortars would shoot farther than Belgian musket or breach-loadingrifle.

At day dawn on the thirtieth, they opened their heavy artillery upon the devoted Rebel host. There was no reply. What could be the reason? Surely Beauregard had not withdrawn with his army, for the pickets were still seen in their places, and the great guns were still frowning from their embrasures, and the drums were beating all along the line as usual, and the camp-fires were as numerous and as brilliant as ever. Fire away, my prudent friends, and beware how you venture out of your burrows;

for those men of straw are terrible artillerists, and the log columbiads beside them are charged with Confederate vengeance, and the music that you hear is no midnight serenade for gentle ears, and who can conjecture to what fate those fires may light you?

Some time before midday, Brother Jonathan begins most shrewdly to suspect that the rebels have beaten him at his own game, and that he has had all his delving and ditching for nothing. Gen. Halleck takes his field glass and repairs to a neighboring elevation; while his adjutant makes observations from the perilous apex of a two-story edifice, and two of his aids peer inquisitively out from the topmost branches of two contiguous pines. Oh, mystery! transcending marvel! The formidable army that he has been approaching and investing, for nearly two months past, with so much toil and timidity, is no where to be discovered. Where are the rebels? No horses and chariots of fire were seen last night. Have they melted away into thin air, or dug through into China?

Cavalry is sent out, making a long circuit, with most prudent circumspection, each particular hair of each particular horseman standing erect upon his head. A courier! "Tidings, my Lord, O King!" Beauregard and his command are some thirty or forty miles south of Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Now the grand army of moles march boldly forth from their burrows, furiously shelling empty houses, and wreaking their valorous rage upon every inanimate object that dares dispute their progress. A glorious victory gained the Federal arms

that day! A shrewd correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says:

"Last night the same band sounded retreat, tattoo, and taps, all along the rebel lines, passing from place to place. This morning suspicion ripened into certainty. Corinth was evacuated. Beauregard had achieved another victory. I do not know how the matter strikes abler military men, but I think we have been fooled. The works are far from being invulnerable. The old joke of Quaker guns has been played off upon us. They were real wooden guns, with stuffed paddies for gunners. I saw them. We approached clear from Shiloh in line of battle, and made preparations to defend ourselves, compared with which the preparations of the enemy sink into insignificance."

The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune also takes a very rational view of the matter:

"The retreat of the army was conducted in the best of order. Before our men had entered the place, all had got off safely. Nothing of any use to us whatever was found. General Halleck has thus achieved one of the most barren of triumphs. In fact, it is tantamount to a defeat. It gives the enemy an opportunity to select a new position, as formidable as that at Corinth, in which it will be far more difficult for us to attack him on account of the distance our army will have to transport its supplies. * * * I look upon the evacuation as a victory to Beauregard, or at least as one of the most remarkable pieces of strategy that has been displayed during this war. It prolongs the contest in the southwest at least six months."

Did the proportions of my book allow, I could write an interesting chapter of incidents connected with this retreat. Take but one:

Lieutenant Butler, of our regiment, had gone to Memphis to procure a metallic coffin for the mortal remains of his cousin. Returning to Corinth the day after our departure, he was captured by a party of six cavaliers. As they were conducting him to their camp, they encountered their colonel. He de-

manded of them, with many damnations, whether six men were necessary to guard one rebel; and taking charge of the prisoner himself, sent them flying on their scout again, with a volley of curses in their rear. He now led the lieutenant to a log; commanded him, with several irreverent expletives, "to sit down there," while he went "to see after those infernal poltroons;" and added, with an oath which none but a Yankee Colonel of cavalry could utter, "If you are gone when I come back, I'll take your head off with my sword!" Then he galloped away toward Corinth, occasionally looking back over his shoulder, as if somewhat distrustful of his captive's entire subjugation. As soon as he was out of sight, our young friend ran about a hundred yards, climbed an umbrageous beach, and established an outlook from amid its dense foliage. In fifteen or twenty minutes, the Colonel returned with a numerous escort. Discovering that the bird was flown, he swore till the evening twilight was blue; then scattered his redoubtable cavaliers, east, west, north and south, in quest of his incontinent captive. Several of them passed under the beach in which he had ensconced himself; but the friendly shades, now deepening into night, prevented his discovery. He kept his position till all was dark and still; then, descending,

"With winged feet he spurned the plain,"

and the next day overtook our rear-guard some thirty miles nearer the Gulf of Mexico.

During the night of this eventful hegira, a detachment of the enemy's cavalry made a dash upon

Boonville, a few miles south of Corinth; captured and destroyed a railway train of ammunition, provision, and baggage, which had been detained forty-eight hours by some mismanagement; and burned the station house, containing a number of our dead, and four or five of our sick, who were consumed in the conflagration. Our cavalry, a far inferior force, soon made their appearance, and the murderous incendiaries fled in confusion and dismay, carrying away with them only a single man. A number of stragglers, and some scores of sick and wounded soldiers on their way to southern hospitals, were rescued after a few moments captivity; and these were the "two thousand men" reported by Pope and Halleck to have been "captured and paroled" on that occasion. We lost by the fire some fifteen hundred inferior muskets, which those voracious officials, with grand flourish of trumpets, magnify into "ten thousand stand of small arms taken and destroyed." How easy it is to achieve victories on paper!

The army is now encamped at Tupelo. But in this rapid march we have left a few facts behind us. Let us go back and gather up our stragglers.

Many of our brave boys perished at Shiloh. Many others were severely injured, and Colonel Bate among them. The latter were immediately conveyed to Columbus for treatment. A few days afterward, the shepherd followed the wounded of his flock. Bishop Paine gave me friendly welcome by the way. Twenty minutes after my arrival at his house, five men, on foaming steeds, called at the gate, and demanded his stranger guest. They had pursued me

thirty miles, they said, for a Yankee spy or incendiary. A few words were sufficient, and my patriotic persecutors sought every man the shade of "his own vine and fig tree."

Three days at Aberdeen were "as the days of Heaven upon earth." Whoever saw a lovelier family than Bishop Paine's, or enjoyed a warmer hospitality than their guests?

On the sixth of May I arrived at Columbus. Dr. Neely, as kind as he is eloquent, welcomed me to the parsonage. Mr. Powell, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Sherman, Col. Billups, with their respective families, and several others, did all that Christian charity could suggest to render pleasant my sojourn in their city. For several weeks I labored incessantly among the sick and the wounded. My soul was full of faith, and love, and joy. I went every morning to my work with a zest I had never known before, and returned every evening to my friends with a tranquil satisfaction which had in it more of Heaven than of earth. To overcome all diffidence and embarrassment in my visits to the hospitals, I adopted the following method:

Taking my stand at some convenient place in a large apartment filled with the unfortunate sufferers, I requested their attention to a few verses of Scripture; then expounded what I had read, with applications and exhortations suitable to their condition; and afterward commended them in prayer to the Divine Mercy. This opened the way for personal conversation, and in these interviews many a young man showed "a broken and contrite heart." Having

finished in one room, I went to another, pursuing the same method, till I had gone throughout the building.

Some who were able to walk would follow me from one apartment to another, and multitudes when I left them would entreat me to come again. On some days I delivered ten or fifteen public addresses, and offered as many public prayers, besides distributing four or five hundred tracts. I witnessed several cases of satisfactory conversion, and saw a number of our soldiers die in peace. Three instances in our own regiment were of the most encouraging character. G. was as humble a penitent as I ever beheld; S. departed in triumphant hope after several weeks of severest suffering; and W., having renounced his infidelity, recovered, to lead a new life, and to thank me often for my visits.

Friday, the fourteenth, having been appointed by the President of the Confederacy, as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer, I discoursed to a very large audience, in Dr. Neely's church, from the pathetic words of "The Weeping Prophet:" "O the Hope of Israel, and the Savior thereof in time of trouble! Why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man, that turneth aside to tarry for a night? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that can not save? Yet thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name. Leave us not."

The latter part of June found me again with the regiment, "in labors more abundant," instituting a Bible-class in camp, preaching nightly to large and

attentive audiences, and occasionally holding prayer-meetings which were not unprofitable to the soldiers. I now observed that there was less gambling and profanity among them than I had ever known before, with other hopeful indications of reform.

On the night of the thirtieth I was preaching to the Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment. Suddenly a wild shout of joy arose from a neighboring encampment. Soon the strain was taken up by other regiments in every direction, and the forest rang with the voice of gladness, cheer after cheer, so that I found it quite impossible to proceed. Just then I saw some one hand a paper to an officer behind me. I turned and asked him whether some good news had occasioned this unusual demonstration. "Here is a dispatch from Head Quarters," he replied; "will you be kind enough to read it aloud?" It proved to be an official announcement of the Federal defeat, after several days of incessant and severe fighting, on the Chickahominy.

An army of a hundred and twenty thousand, commanding all the resources and appliances of war, and confident of reveling ere long amid the luxuries of our fair metropolis, had been driven from all its positions, and put to an inglorious flight. An immense spoil, consisting of artillery, small arms, ammunition, commissary stores, medicines, clothing, wagons, horses and mules, fell into the hands of the victors. The siege of Richmond was raised. The Confederate capital was safe. It is affirmed that but for one serious mistake, the whole army might have been captured or destroyed.

To finish the sermon now, was what Saint Paul himself could scarcely have done. Three cheers for Lee, Davis and the Confederacy, took the place of doxology and benediction, and we dispersed. As I returned to my tent, wave after wave of vocal joy rolled through the grand old woods; and ever and anon, far into the night, the sounds would break forth afresh, camp answering to camp, and hill echoing to hill, as if the feelings of our soldiers were quite irrepressible, and Nature herself participated in their triumph.

This glorious victory, however, cost the Confederacy many precious lives. General R. Hatton was a native Tennesseean; the son of a venerable Christian minister; and one of the best citizens, bravest officers, and purest patriots, this state has produced. A Christian from habit, a secessionist from principle, ardent, eloquent, generous, honorable, confiding, and conscientious, he was popular alike in Congress and in camp, and never failed to win the love of all with whom he was associated. There is a broken-hearted widow, with several fatherless children, at Lebanon.

The next day I was galloping along a narrow path through a dense grove of pines, when an object strangely glittering in a sunny spot before me suddenly caught my attention. It was a pyramid, a foot broad at the base, and about the same height. As I approached, it stretched out and darted aside. I perceived that it was a huge serpent. Riding up to the spot, I paused to look for it. It was no where to be seen. After a few seconds I heard a slight rustling almost under my horse; and looking down, I dis-

covered it, lying at full length, the most formidable rattle-snake I ever beheld. It was at least eight feet long, and somewhat larger than my arm. Its color was a brilliant yellow, with diamond-shaped spots of a very dark brown. It was terribly beautiful! My mare was in great danger, but fortunately she stood perfectly still. Now the dreadful reptile began slowly to erect its head till it was a foot from the ground, curving its neck as gracefully as a swan; and then moved off so gently that its progress was scarcely perceptible. I watched it with intense interest, till it passed under a tuft of leaves at the root of a tree, not more than three yards from my position; when I alighted, procured me a weapon, and advanced very cautiously, "feeling for the enemy." He was not to be found. With all his bold and defiant bearing, he had proved himself an arrant coward. Waxing as courageous as Halleck did at Corinth, when he ascertained that Beauregard had gone, I beat the bushes in every direction, and threshed furiously among the dry leaves; but in vain; my foe had "skedaddled," taking all his artillery and ammunition along with him!

III.

IN TRANSITU.

(AUGUST, 1862.)

"He that is born is listed; life is war."

YOUNG.

GENERAL BRAGG had been for some time in command of the Army of the Mississippi. A few disorderly fellows had been shot, and the rest effectually reduced to discipline. We were now ready to assume the offensive, which was generally understood to be the policy henceforth of the government. Toward the end of July, we struck our tents, and bade adieu to Tupelo; leaving only General Price, with some twenty thousand troops, to protect that part of the country. The infantry, with some of the artillery, went by railway to Mobile, and thence to Chattanooga. The cavalry, with the rest of the artillery, accompanied the wagon-trains, by several routes more direct, across the state of Alabama, to the same point of rendezvous. Preferring not to commit my valuable barb to the custody of careless and irresponsible hands, I gladly availed myself of the invitation of Major Winchester, Quarter-Master of General Donelson's Brigade, to become one of his party. Starting from Tupelo on Tuesday the twenty-second, and going by way of Aberdeen, Columbus, Tuscaloosa,

Montevallo, Columbiana, Talladega, Jacksonville, Cave Spring, and Rome, we arrived at Chattanooga on Friday morning the fifteenth of August, having marched more than four hundred miles in twenty-two days. Preaching frequently on the road, receiving many kind attentions from citizens, renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones, this journey was to me, maugre the fatigue of travel and the discomforts of the bivouac, one of the most delightful I ever enjoyed.

I now commenced a new career, as chaplain to General Donelson's Brigade. This brigade consisted of five Tennessee regiments, with Captain Carnes's battery of light artillery. My associations were pleasant, and afforded encouraging facilities for my sacred work.

Sunday the seventeenth we crossed the Tennessee River, and encamped among the hills two miles north of Chattanooga. The itinerant tribes coming up out of the Jordan were scarcely more joyful than our troops. Tennessee was to them the Land of Promise, and the Lookout Mountain pointed prophetically to their invaded heritage. Already they saw Nashville redeemed, and revelled in the dear delights of home. Alas for the sequel!

Having waited at the foot of Wallen's Ridge till the main body of our troops had crossed the river, we moved forward to rescue Kentucky from the grasp of the tyrant. At the same time the gallant General Maxcy forded the Tennessee at Bridgeport, in the very face of the Federal garrison; while his artillery, five miles above, was effectually shelling the camp

at the mouth of Battle Creek. Finding the occupation of the place rather perilous, the enemy fled up the Sequatchie Valley, with a loss of sixty or seventy men and of a large amount of property. He burned most of his commissary stores, and a quantity of arms and ammunition; but many tents, teams, wagons, ambulances, valuable medicines, surgical instruments, important papers and maps, with various other articles quite useful to our officers and soldiery, fell into the hands of the victors.

He soon found himself in almost as uncomfortable a condition as Pharaoh in the Red Sea, walled in by nature on the right and the left, a formidable army in front, and ruin menacing his rear. So he turned his face toward the Cumberland Mountains. It was the only chance of escape. And had not Hannibal and Bonaparte crossed the Alps with their armies? With desperate resolution and much cursing, he toiled up the rugged cliffs, made all possible speed to Manchester and Cowan, joined the main body of Buell's army, and all fled in wild confusion and mortal terror, leaving forts and stockades everywhere standing, and never tarrying to burn down bridges and tear up railroads in their rear.

A citizen of Murfreesboro, who saw their wagon-trains pass, assures me that they outdrove Jehu himself; whipping, screaming, swearing, smashing, as if an earthquake had been after them. Many of the vehicles, stolen from Tennesseeans and Alabamians, and drawn by stolen teams, were crammed with stolen articles of all descriptions; gilded mirrors, marble tables, mahogany sofas, rosewood pianos, ele-

gant paintings, costly statuary, cut-glass chandeliers, silk dresses and oil-cans, book-cases and cooking stoves, band-boxes and sledge-hammers, silver plate and ox-hides, hardware and cutlery, dry goods and groceries, tumbling, rumbling, jumbling, in most magnificent disorder.

Johnson and Buell, it is said, differed concerning the expediency of a general "skedaddle," and came near having bloody noses on the subject. The Rev. Col. Moody, the pious plunderer of our homes and sanctified assassin of our friends, tells a curious story of this quarrel and his own agency in its settlement, which must not be withheld from the reader. It is taken from the Dayton (Ohio) Journal, where it purports to be given chiefly in his own words. No doubt, Andy is the only "mourner" Moody has been instrumental in "converting" since he entered the army. I have heard, indeed, of no other instance of Yankee conversion during the war. The reader will excuse the omission of certain expletives that do not suit my taste as well as they do the Rev. Colonel's.

"Col. Moody, of Ohio, stated that after his regiment, with others, had been marched to various points, they were finally ordered back to Nashville, Tenn. On his arrival there Gen. Buell was in the city, and the question was being agitated of evacuating the city and giving it up to the rebels, Buell being in favor and Gov. Johnson opposed to the measure. At this crisis Col. Moody called to pay his respects to the Governor. On entering the building, in an upper room of which was the Governor's office, he met Gen. Buell coming out. As they passed each other they exchanged civilities, and immediately the Colonel forwarded his card to the Governor's room. Soon a messenger came to him, informing him that the Governor wished him to come up immediately. As the Colonel

entered the room he saw Governor Johnson pacing the floor, with a gentleman on each arm, under the most terrible excitement, and saying, 'It must not be done.' Seeing the Colonel, the Governor greeted him most cordially, and expressed his great pleasure in meeting him. The two gentlemen retired, leaving them alone; when instantly Governor Johnson informed Col. Moody what was meditated—that Buell wished to evacuate the city. 'But,' said he, 'it must not be done.' So intense was the excitement of the Governor's mind that his face was fairly livid; and, frothing at the mouth and jesticulating most violently, he swore 'the city must not be evacuated.' The Colonel gently chided the Governor, saying:

"'Governor, just drop these hard words—we can get along without them. True, this is a dark and perilous hour, but we must remember God reigns He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He rules Generals, Governors, and nations. If we will only do right and trust in Him, a way of deliverance will be opened, and our beloved country shall yet be saved.'

Instantly the Governor responded:

"'Moody—and when I say Moody I mean more than Colonel—I believe in God and the Bible, and I rest my soul's salvation on the merit of Jesus Christ alone, but ———, if this city shall be given up!'

"Col. Moody, perceiving that the Governor's mind needed relief as much as the imperiled city, otherwise there was danger from the immense excitement of his being driven to madness, replied:

"'Governor, let us pray!'

"Quick as lightning the Governor dropped on his knees; and while the Colonel was praying for him, asking God to give him wisdom, strength and courage in this dark hour, he responded in groans and amens; and crawling on his knees to the Colonel, he laid his head on his bosom, and wept and groaned, and said amen to every petition. At length the Colonel felt that God had heard his prayer; the cloud began to break; and turning prayer into praise, the Governor also began to praise God. When they rose from their knees, the Governor instantly seized the Colonel's hand; and, all bathed in tears, said:

"'Thank God that you came! He sent you to help me—I feel better—the cloud is broken—we shall be delivered. But ———! he shall not give up the city! I'll burn it first, and perish amid the flames, rather than he shall give it up, and let it fall into the hands of the enemy!'

"Soon after this General Buell came in; and Gov. Johnson, meeting him, looked him in the eye, and with terrible emphasis he said:

"'The city shall not be evacuated. Before that shall be done, I will burn it, and perish in the ruins.'

"That settled the question. Gen. Buell was compelled to change his plan; and after detailing a sufficient force to defend the city, with the balance of the army he came trotting up to Louisville."

Johnson certainly did well, if well-doing can be predicated of any measure for so bad an end, in maintaining his position at Nashville; but if Buell had remained in Middle Tennessee, Bragg would easily have taken Louisville and Cincinnati.

IV.

HEGIRA EXTRAORDINARY.

(AUGUST, 1862.)

"In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distrest."

CRABBE.

ON Sunday evening, the seventeenth of August, while we were in bivouac near Chattanooga, I preached to the Eighth Regiment. After the service Colonel Moore showed me the Louisville Journal of the sixth instant, containing a notice of my wife's arrest, trial and imprisonment, with her two daughters, on a charge of disloyalty to Lincoln. I was glad that I had not seen it before. My anxiety was intense, though my faith was strong. Immediate relief was impracticable, but we were now marching on high-heeled hopes toward "the Dark and Bloody Ground," and would soon be able, no doubt, to lead captive the captivity of our friends.

In a few days, all the army having now crossed the river, we advanced twenty-five miles, and encamped at the foot of Wallen's Ridge. On Thursday, the twenty-eighth, General Anderson, to my great joy, brought me word that my family had arrived in Chattanooga. I hastened back to meet them, and

received from my wife's own lips the story of their adventures, sufferings and escape.

Mrs. Cross, with her daughters, was on a visit to her native home in Harrodsburg. While there, John H. Morgan made his advent in the town. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs: this was indubitable disloyalty. They welcomed the liberators of their friends: this was abominable rebellion. They furnished them some refreshments from Judge Chinn's larder: this was intolerable treason. It would never do to let such proceedings pass unpunished. Probably, too, these ladies knew how to shoot. Who could give assurance that they were not here for the purpose of organizing a guerilla party? Something must be done, and that speedily, or Kentucky, with all its beech-groves and blue-grass, has gone gliding into Secessia. Awake, awake, ye potent guardians of the public peace! The Philistines are upon you. Go forth and shake yourselves, or ye are shaven to irredeemable impotency!

"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

Shortly after Morgan's advent, an affair occurs, confirming, beyond all power of controversy, these terrible suspicions. Two of the Federal guard go out to discharge their guns, preparatory to cleaning them; when one of them, elevating his piece more than he intended, sends a bullet whistling into Morgan Vance's enclosure. Glory to accident! here is, at least, a plausible probability. Morgan Vance hastens to the Provost Marshal's. I am glad to have forgotten the name of that sapient official: this PAPER will be the less offensive to many a good

citizen of Harrodsburg. To that anonymous functionary, then, speeds Morgan Vance. There is an unquestionable conspiracy against his loyal life. He has been shot at from Judge Chinn's premises. The Judge, or his daughter, or one of his grand-daughters, or all three of them, must have done the murderous deed. Shall rebel women be permitted to come hither and assassinate and slaughter our best and bravest citizens? Awake, O Justice, and gird thyself with strength! Hasten, ye ministers of vengeance, to the protection of this paragon of patriotism! Arise! Why sleep ye? Lo, the gates of Gaza are already gone, and the flame-bearing foxes are among the standing corn!

It is well. The world shall see "that we have a government." For two days there are strange scenes in the streets, and stranger scenes at the court-house. Judge Chinn is arrested and incarcerated. Three ladies, all native Kentuckians, are marched to and fro with bayonets at their backs, and placed on trial for treason against "the best government on earth." A soldier of that model government comes forward, and avows the accidental shooting as his own. His comrade confirms his testimony. Very inopportune, this! The charge must be set aside, or we shall have mutiny in the camp. Is there no other? The white handkerchiefs! The bread, bacon and buttermilk! Quite sufficient! Here is "rebel sympathy." Here is "aid and comfort to the enemy." What will become of us, if such things are allowed to pass with impunity? Women must be taught to hold their tongues, and mind their own business, and keep their

kerchiefs in their reticules, and let those who are paid for it do the thinking!

On these counts, condemnation is inevitable. Now for securing the culprits. No green withes, nor new ropes, nor weaving of their seven locks with the beam, will suffice. Steel bayonets and iron bars are better. Away with these pestilent offenders to the county jail! Thrust them into these filthy cells, along with this negro who has murdered his master, along with this white man who awaits his trial for the killing of his two children!

> "So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
> The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deed."

Nay, cries the jailor, that were too barbarous for Mercer county; the cells are not fit for the ladies; they must at least be furnished with decent bedding. But that involves a question of expense to the government; the government needs all its funds for crushing the rebellion elsewhere.

Nay, exclaims the jailor's gentle wife, the ladies can never lodge in those dirty cells; allow me to make them pallets on the floor of my own apartments.

Very well; that will be cheaper; though, in the opinion of the magnanimous Morgan Vance and his amiable provost, the cells would be preferable, as furnishing securer custody. It will cost nothing, however, to quintuple the guard; and that night and the next the starlight gleams faintly from fifteen polished bayonets around the grand old bastile.

The second morning comes, and with it a vehicle to convey the culprits to Louisville. There arriving, they are halted at the Galt House, ordered thence to

the Military Prison, thence back again to the Galt House, and thence to the office of the Provost Marshal. Very refreshing, after the fatiguing travel of the preceding day amid heat and dust and Yankee insolence, must have been these midnight marches and counter-marches through the great commercial emporium of their native State! A highly gratifying spectacle to the benevolent officials of the Federal Government must have been these three ladies, and a delicate little child, driven rudely about through the darkness by the yellow-haired hirelings of the long-armed Railsplitter of Hoosierdom!

At the office of the Provost Marshal there are solemn grimaces and mysterious conferences over sundry papers sent down from Harrodsburg, the character and contents of which the prisoners are not permitted to know. Insulting questions, accompanied with sardonic sneers, are addressed to them; some of which they answer with a forced courtesy, and some with undisguised contempt. The name of their insolent inquisitor I am glad to have forgotten.

Many friends call to see the prisoners. Cowardly men advise perjury; noble women exhort to firmness and fortitude. The former counsel is met with merited scorn; the latter is not needed by our heroines. Their spirits are buoyant and unbroken; their bearing, dignified and defiant. Frighten three Kentucky ladies into an oath of fealty to a government like yours? You might as well think to shake an oak with a palsy, or dry up a fountain with a fever!

Now for a lofty retribution. Now for a magnificent vengeance. Jerry Boyle, the "great red

dragon" of the Dark and Bloody Ground, "casts forth a flood" against these helpless women—not of water, but of official paper—"that he might cause them to be carried away of the flood." They must go to Camp Chase. They must be confined, each one of them in a separate hut, subject to whatever insults and outrages may suit the inclinations of the dogs and demons that Lincoln and Seward have dignified with the guardianship of their periled prerogatives. Most magnanimous edict! Most splendid *coup de guerre!* Now shall the rebellion perish!

But here comes Doctor Palmer. He is a violent unionist; but he is also a man of some sagacity and foresight; and, withal, a friend and relation of the victims. He has heard of these proceedings, and has ridden all night to arrest them.

Nay, General Boyle; you are overshooting your mark. You cannot afford to send these ladies to Camp Chase. It will ruin our cause in Kentucky. You had better send them into Dixie.

Away with them, then, across the lines!

Well spoken.

Two days, with some detention at the Tunnel, where John Morgan has been at work, and they arrive in Nashville. Two days more, and they are at Bridgeport, on the Tennessee river, twenty-eight miles below Chattanooga. The commandant of the post telegraphs General Buell to ascertain his pleasure concerning them. General Buell replies, "Send them back to Louisville." They are put into a sutler's wagon, to be conveyed to Stevenson, there to reëmbark upon the railway. The necessary papers are

placed in the hands of the proprietor of the vehicle. Away they go, past the first line of pickets, past the second line of pickets, quite out of sight.

"Mr. Sutler, are those the last pickets?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Then please stop a moment."

"What does this mean, ladies? Why are you getting out?"

"We shall go no farther with you, sir."

"But you are not going to leave me, are you?"

"We certainly are."

"But I have the papers, and am responsible for your delivery at Stevenson."

"That is your business, not ours, sir."

"Well, I am not a Federal officer, and have no authority to detain you by force; and if I had any, I should not like to fight with three ladies."

"Your case would certainly be hopeless, sir; for, you see, we have knives."

It was no false menace. My wife and daughters had really been provided with knives at Louisville, for use, if necessary, at Camp Chase. The mention of them instantly melts the sutler's heart into the sweetest flow of mercy.

"Ladies, I shall not resist you; but what am I to do with your baggage?"

"What you please, sir. We thank you for your courtesy. Good morning."

The ladies now flee one way, while the sutler drives the other. They have lost their baggage, but gained their liberty. Soon finding themselves on the bank of the river, they sit down in dubious de-

liberation. Can they ford the stream? It looks too deep and rapid, and it is a long distance to the other shore. But to remain here is captivity. The cavalry will soon be after them. So, carefully avoiding the public road,

> "Over park, over pale—
> Thorough bush, thorough briar"—

their clothes torn with thorns and saturated with dew, they wend their unknown way to an unknown destination. My brave little girl, nine years of age, cheerfully follows her mother, and thinks she can bear it because she was born in Charleston.

Here is a house. A careful reconnoisance of the environs reveals no danger. A brief interview with the occupants develops their Southern feelings. A generous whiskey toddy revives the strength of the fugitives. Kind Mr. W. is ready to aid them to the extent of his opportunity. But prudence is necessary. A slight indiscretion might ruin the enterprise. Nothing can be accomplished before to-morrow. Then he will put them across the river. Meanwhile they cannot tarry in the house without danger of being discovered. While they are enjoying a hasty dinner two soldiers make their appearance. Mr. W. detains them with conversation at the gate, while his guests flee by the back door and take to the mountain. A young lady of the household volunteers her company and guides them to a place of safety.

Selecting a position which commands a view of the premises below, they establish a diligent outlook for the enemy. Cavalry makes its appearance. The

men dismount and enter. Hours wear away, and the horses are still at the gate.

> "Now evening lets her curtain down,
> And pins it with a star."

Poor little Mary Anna, exhausted with toil and hunger, lies asleep upon her mother's lap. Miss W. descends from the watchtower, creeps cautiously to the door, finds the cavalry gone, but the two soldiers still there, and returns to the mountain with tidings.

Content yourselves, hapless wanderers! You must remain here till morning. Better here than at Camp Chase. But there is no sleep, except for the little Charlestonian. The rest sit chatting upon the rocks throughout the livelong night. At daylight the young lady goes down again, and hastens back with the glad intelligence that the enemy is gone. Our fugitives descend, snatch a hasty morsel, and away again to the mountain till they are summoned down to dinner. They spend the following night with the family, and the next morning accompany Mr. W. to the river. Everything is in readiness. The Confederate pickets bring over the boat, and my family are soon landed in Dixie, where our officers receive them with distinguished urbanity and a cordial Southern welcome.

Arriving at Shell Mound, Mrs. C. dispatches a note by flag of truce, to the commandant of the post at Bridgeport, informing him of her successful hegira, and expressing the hope that he will have the magnanimity to send over her baggage. The trunks are immediately forwarded under flag of truce. And so endeth "this eventful history."

> "The good are better made by ill,
> As odors crushed are sweeter still." ROGERS.

V.

INTO KENTUCKY.

(SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1862.)

"Higher, higher still we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls."

MONTGOMERY.

Ho for Kentucky! Gen. Kirby Smith is already there, and has routed the enemy at Richmond. This achievement, which occurred on the thirtieth of August, was one of the most signal victories of the war. After a march of many days through a dreary mountain wilderness, almost destitute of water, subsisting on green corn and beef without salt, our brave troops attacked the Yankees in strong position at Mount Zion with less than half their force, drove them from their works after two hours of the hardest fighting, pursued them six miles to Richmond, where they assailed a formidable garrison of ten thousand, scattered the magnificent array in fifteen minutes, killed two hundred, wounded over a thousand, took seven hundred prisoners from thirteen different regiments, captured ten cannon, eleven hundred muskets, two hundred wagons, nearly a thousand mules, and a

large quantity of supplies, with a loss in killed and wounded of about four hundred men. Gen. Nelson was wounded on the Federal side, and Gen. Cleburn on ours. My old regiment, the Second Tennessee, suffered severely; and Colonel Butler, commanding it, was killed. "Never," said Kirby Smith, "was more gallant fighting done by any troops." Before the battle, the General was on his knees in his tent; and as soon as it was over he retired to give thanks to God for the victory.

On the self-same day was fought the second great battle of Manassas, in which Lee put the gasconading invader to an inglorious rout; took thirty pieces of artillery and eight thousand stand of small arms; destroyed and carried away an immense amount of Federal army stores; captured a large number of prisoners, seven thousand of whom were paroled upon the field; strewed the ground for three or four miles with the wounded, the dying, and the dead; and left the enemy full thirty-eight thousand less than he found him at the opening of the conflict.

We had heard of these splendid achievements, and our patriotic enthusiasm was at its acme. Hope made the rugged march a pleasant pilgrimage, and converted the dark and sterile mountains into a very "Land of Beulah." Labor was rest, and pain was sweet, and the green maize which constituted our daily bread was "manna in the wilderness." We crossed the border with a shout which rang for miles along our line of march, and woke the glad echoes of the everlasting hills.

A day at Tompkinsville, to refresh our jaded

troops, and replenish our scanty commissariat; then, forward to Glasgow. As we enter the town, an old man, with silver locks streaming on the wind, rides forth to meet us, waving his hat over his head, and bidding us a thousand welcomes. Our response, peal after peal, rends the welkin. That old man has felt the heel of Lincoln.

A pale woman, sitting by the wayside, cheers the boys, as they pass, with such words as these: "Welcome, Tennesseeans! Welcome to Kentucky! Welcome to Glasgow! Welcome to our homes! You have come to redeem us. I knew you would come. I told the Yankees so. They said you had crept into your dens, and would never show yourselves again. Now, thank God! I see you, and it is the pleasantest sight I ever saw. You will drive the thieves beyond the Ohio. Our husbands, brothers and sons will help you. Now we shall be avenged. They have robbed us—the vile miscreants! They have insulted us in our own homes, at our own tables. They have stolen our horses from the stable, and driven away our cattle from the pasture. They have burned our fences, destroyed our crops, imprisoned our friends, and trampled upon all our rights. The day of retribution is come at last. I have prayed for it a long time, and my prayer is answered. Heaven bless you, young men! I know your mothers and sisters are praying for you at home. Thousands of ladies are praying for you in Kentucky. Be courageous. God is on your side. God will fight your battles for you. Your cause must prosper. We shall be with you in the Confederacy."

Two days at Glasgow. One of them, the fourteenth of September, is a Sabbath. While I am attacking the hearts of sinners with "the Sword of the Spirit," Chalmers is assailing the Federal fortifications at Woodsonville. With eighteen hundred men, he engages a force of over four thousand. They are behind their breastworks, and well supported by artillery. He is repulsed, with a loss of two hundred and seventy, killed and wounded. The attempt has been censured. It ought, perhaps, to be applauded. Applauded it certainly would have been, had it succeeded. It is success, not courage, that makes a hero. It is fortune, not merit, that immortalizes a commander. "Let a man show all the good conduct that is possible," says St. Evremond, "if the event does not answer, ill fortune passes for a fault, and is justified but by a sorry few persons." This was one of the most daring and heroic efforts of the war, an illustration of true courage in a worthy cause. But Confederate blood is too precious to be spilled in vain; and prudence in a military chieftain, though less imposing, is not less important, than valor. Patience and hope! We shall soon lead captive the conquerors.

Monday evening, the fifteenth, we are on the march. Tuesday morning, the sixteenth, we hear the sound of artillery. Buckner is annoying the enemy in front, while we are making a circuit to get in his rear.

Woodsonville and Munfordsville lie opposite each other on Green River; the former on the south side, the latter on the north. Crossing the stream about

mid-day several miles above, we wait for the friendly night, then approach quietly under the double cover of forest and darkness.

It is nine o'clock. No sound is heard but the tramp of numerous feet. Suddenly a volley of musketry in front bursts upon the still air. The next moment a dozen horses, some ridden and others riderless, come rushing back among the troops. The cry goes from van to rear—"Yankee cavalry! Yankee cavalry!" The men fall out, right and left, into the thicket; but are instantly rallied by their officers, and stand waiting in painful suspense for an explanation. A courier comes with the facts. General Donelson and his staff, riding forward to reconnoitre, had been mistaken by Jackson's rear-guard for a Federal scouting party, and fired upon. Captain Lowe, Inspector General of the brigade, was shot through the heart; and Captain Craig's horse fell dead beneath its rider. I rode forward to the scene of the accident, and found poor Lowe lifeless in his blood, and Lieutenant Donelson suffering extremely from the effect of the fall of his horse.

An hour more, and we are in the rear of Munfordsville. There are no Yankees on this side the river. The garrison on the other side seem not to have suspected our approach, probably are not yet aware of our proximity. This little town, however, is astir. Women and children are leaving, in expectation of a bloody sunrise. I meet with a company of them weeping and wailing along the street, and escort them to a place of safety in our rear. Returning, I find the brigade in bivouac, awaiting the moon.

I cast myself upon the dewy grass, and sleep—O, how sweetly!

At three o'clock I awake, and find myself alone with the moon. Generals Bragg, Polk, Cheatham, Donelson, and the rest, have gone out to locate the batteries and arrange the line of battle. I follow them. The enemy's camp-fires are brilliant beyond the river. Our artillery, within three hundred yards, completely commands their works. Our brave boys lie dreaming upon their arms.

The dawn of Wednesday the seventeenth reddens the horizon. Couriers are coming. There is a shout in the camp. A rumor of surrender follows. It is even so, for here is General Polk in person, riding along the lines, communicating the intelligence to his troops. It is received with peals of joy. The women and children return, with many congratulations, to their homes.

At nine I go over to the forts. An interesting scene is enacted there. The Yankees are marched out upon the plain. The officer in command surrenders his sword to General Buckner. The latter returns it, with a graceful acknowledgment of his captive's gallantry. The troops are ordered to ground their arms. They obey, some with apparent sullenness, some with a cheerful smile. To Confederate eyes it is a very pleasant sight. We have gained a bloodless victory, taken four thousand and three hundred prisoners, five thousand stand of arms, ten pieces of artillery, twenty four-horse wagons, two hundred head of mules, and a considerable amount of commissary stores.

Among the prisoners were three chaplains; one of them a Methodist preacher of the Indiana Conference. He said he was "sick of the war," and if released he should "quit the army." He seemed to be uneasy, however, and anxious to know what was to be done with him. I told him that we did not imprison ministers of the Gospel, and that he would certainly be set at liberty. He desired me to speak with Gen. Bragg about it, and bring him word in the afternoon. I represented the case, through Colonel Johnston, to the General; and was authorized to "say to the gentlemen," that he and his two colleagues would "be free to go where they pleased, only not in advance of our army." I was subsequently informed by a citizen, that he had a few days before tried very hard, in a pulpit prayer at Munfordsville, to enlist Almighty God on the Federal side of the controversy, by representing the rebels as the most damnable sinners since the days of Sodom.

Near the fort the Vandals had burned the Methodist church, and the embers were still glowing in the ashes. Not far distant were the smouldering ruins of a dwelling, consumed with all its contents before the proprietor could remove a single article. The fragments of fence around the grave-yard, and the few trees remaining, bore the marks of Sunday's battle, in which so many of our brave boys had perished. And here it was that the gallant Colonel Terry, on the seventeenth of December, nine months ago this very day, fell a victim to his valor, while leading his brave Texans to victory.

A lady hailed me as I passed, a widow with three

daughters, and asked me to make her house my home while our army should remain in the neighborhood. She feared the soldiers, supposing that ours were like those she had been accustomed to see. I told her she might dismiss all unpleasant apprehensions, for the Confederate troops were gentlemen, and her family would not be molested. After a few moments' conversation, I left her comfortably assured of her safety.

At midday our corps was again in motion. I remained behind to bury Captain Lowe. About sunset, in a heavy rain, his mortality was committed to the tomb. While performing the solemn rite, I saw an ambulance driven up and halted within a few yards of the grave, surrounded by a circle of bayonets. It contained poor T. He was a neighbor of mine in G. Soon after the opening of the war he entered the Southern army; became quartermaster to a battalion of cavalry; left his place with a large amount of government funds in his pockets; dyed his hair and beard, which were of a fine "Confederate grey," to avoid recognition; led a detachment of Federal cavalry to his own town, "breathing out threatening and slaughter" against his patriotic neighbors; but was captured in the height of his career, brought before General Bragg, and ordered to be retained for trial. Why they had driven him hither, and halted him in this drenching storm, I could not conjecture, unless they were going to bury him alive, or shoot him first and bury him afterward. The pallor of his countenance could not have been greater if he had really apprehended the former;

but the number of muskets that escorted him seemed to indicate the latter. This Tennessee Arnold was not executed that evening, however; but accompanied us through Kentucky, returned with us to Tennessee, remained in custody some time at Knoxville, and was then mercifully liberated to do more mischief.

Rumors of Buell in our rear. Having gone as far as Bacon Creek, eight miles, we are ordered back to receive him. Buell declines the interview, and the next day we return to Bacon Creek. The day following, the rumor is renewed, and the sham is repeated. We remain twenty-four hours in line of battle, then resume our march, and press vigorously northward. The wily General had managed very adroitly to detain us two days, that he might pass on our left and reach Louisville before us.

Monday, the twenty-second, we encamp near Bardstown. The people, with few exceptions, receive us very cordially. The ladies are enthusiastically patriotic. They line the streets as we pass, waving their handkerchiefs, and welcoming their deliverers. A beautiful girl of sixteen seizes the colors when they are lowered in compliment to her, and presses the sacred emblem to her ruby lips. Our boys throw their caps to the sky, and shout a thousand hurrahs for the ladies of Kentucky.

And this is the home of Charles A. Wickliffe! And here the loveliest of women became the bride of Joseph Holt! "Tell it not in Gath!"

Sunday, the twenty-eighth, I worship in the Presbyterian Church at Springfield. After service I ride

three miles into the country to pay my respects to Dr. Palmer, and thank him for his late kind offices in behalf of my captive wife and daughters. He is an uncompromising unionist, regarding the rebellion as the most atrocious of errors, doomed inevitably to be crushed. But his heart is independent of his politics. He receives me with great kindness, and treats me with distinguished urbanity. His son, recently discharged from the Federal service, lies dying of consumption at home. His daughter declares herself an invincible secessionist.

Monday morning, the twenty-ninth, as I ride out of town, a young lady waves her handkerchief from a window, and cries, "Hurrah for Doctor Cross!" I pause and speak with her. She turns out to be the daughter of my old friend, the Rev. Dr. Grundy; formerly of Maysville, Kentucky; more recently of Memphis, Tennessee; who is reported to be one of the staunchest Lincolnites in all the land; while his accomplished daughter glories in proclaiming herself a rebel.

At two o'clock I am in Danville. General Bragg has just arrived, and is addressing the people from the verandah of the hotel. He tells them he is not here to arrest men, imprison women, and rob peaceable citizens of their property; but to give Kentucky a chance to express her Southern preferences without fear of Northern bayonets—that if she will rally to his standard, he will stay and defend her soil; but if she decline the offer of liberty, he will withdraw his army, and leave her to her choice.

This beautiful town contains the worst community

in the State. The faculty of Centre College, and the professors of the Theological Seminary, are a nest of unclean birds, all of the Breckenridge plume and bill. My clerical Brother Bruce receives me coldly; he is an irredeemable abolitionist. The patriotic Doctor ——— welcomes me warmly; he is an enthusiastic secessionist.

General Jerry Boyle, Military Governor of Kentucky, my wife's late persecutor, resides in the northern edge of the town. I pass his superb villa on my way to Harrodsburg. The General, of course, finds it inconvenient to be at home just now. Two servants are digging potatoes in the garden. It would not be difficult to burn the building. Who would condemn the act? He that hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." He that hath said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you." So I press a potatoe for a memorial, leave my compliments for the General, and pass on with a prayer and a benediction, to spend a few happy days with my friends at Harrodsburg.

Wednesday morning, the eighth of October, finds us in battle-array at Perryville. Before sunrise, a volley of musketry indicates the commencement of a bloody work. McClure takes his gun and mounts his steed. I accompany him to the lines, and we part to meet no more. Wounded early in the engagement, he dies the next day—a most unselfish and magnanimous young man. I wish I could have been with him in his sufferings.

Throughout the forenoon, the skirmishing was

constant and lively, and the batteries on both sides were very active.

"They are fighting for water now," said my friend, Dr. Quintard; "I am informed they have had none for two days."

"I hope," replied a bystander, "they will never get a drop till Father Abraham sends it to them by Lazarus."

At one o'clock our line of battle was advanced across Chaplain Creek, to the brow of the hill beyond. In company with Dr. Quintard, I followed, anxious to witness the scene which I well knew was soon to be enacted. Now began the work of death in earnest. The crash of artillery was deafening. The roar of musketry was like the voice of the stormy sea. The fierce missiles went screaming and whistling past me every moment, and fell around me like a fiery tempest. I had often asked myself whether I had the nerve necessary for such a scene; but the excitement which I now experienced was altogether delightful, and throughout the dreadful carnage I was quite unconscious of fear.

As soon as the wounded begin to arrive at the hospital I am summoned to assist the surgeons. The first sight I see there makes me sick at heart; a poor fellow from one of the batteries, with both legs crushed by a cannon-ball. Another has a hole through his body, which would admit a man's arm; yet, strange to say, he lives a full hour. A third, smeared with blood and brains, presents no semblance of the "human face divine." Some are shot through the breast, through the lungs; others through the

arm, the hand, the shoulder. One has lost a little finger or a big toe; another is minus a nose, or has had one of his ears cut away; while a third will need a new set of teeth, and has parted perhaps with a piece of his tongue. They are wounded in almost every manner possible, only none of them seem to have been shot in the back.

Amid these painful scenes I remain till sometime after dark. My hands and clothes are besmeared with blood. The noise of battle has died away. Nothing is heard but the rumbling of the ambulances, the groans and cries of the sufferers, the slash of the surgeon's knife, and the harsher sound of the saw. A young man of the Sixteenth, with his shoulder shattered, comes to have his wound dressed. He reports the gallant Colonel Savage badly wounded, and trying to get off the field. I mount my barb and hasten to his help. After riding about two miles, I meet a company of Yankee prisoners; and close behind them, on horseback, moving very slowly, comes the Colonel.

"Well, Doctor," he cries with a cheerful voice, "I have got all my wounded men off the field, I believe; and now I am coming off myself."

"Are you badly hurt, Colonel?" I ask.

"Not much, I think," he replies; "shot through the calf of the leg; no bones broken; but poor old George has had a ball through his head, and I have to ride slowly."

I discover that his horse is bleeding profusely, and staggering beneath his burden. I propose to exchange with him; but he firmly declines the offer.

"Old George has a good constitution," he says; "I think he will hold out with me."

He did hold out, and in half an hour we were at the surgeon's quarters. I helped the Colonel down; pulled off his boot; it was full of blood. The surgeons dressed his wound, and he mounted old George again, resisting my remonstrance. We rode two miles farther, and stopped at an unoccupied house. I found a straw bed, laid the Colonel upon it, and tied old George to the fence. In the morning the Colonel was comfortable, and old George was alive, though the ground where he stood was saturated with blood. The Colonel remounted, and old George carried him eight miles, to Harrodsburg. Good Mrs. Keller took the Colonel in; and, with the other ladies of the household, nursed him as if he had been a brother. He expressed himself in terms of the warmest admiration and gratitude; declared that he had never met with such ladies before in his life, and that if he should live to see the end of the war he would certainly return to Harrodsburg.

The battle of Perryville was a decided victory for the Confederate arms. Our right wing drove the Yankee left back several miles, with great slaughter. At the very first charge, according to Northern accounts, one whole brigade ran over another, which was held in reserve in its rear; and never stopped till it reached Springfield, fifteen miles distant. With fifteen thousand men, we fought thirty-five thousand, of whom we killed two thousand, wounded eight thousand, and took five hundred prisoners, putting ten thousand and five hundred *hors du combat*, with

a loss on our side of less than half that number, four hundred of whom were of my own brigade.

Thursday morning, the ninth, our army falls back to Harrodsburg. The fifteen pieces of artillery taken are brought safely away, but a portion of the small arms are abandoned to the enemy.

In the evening we are again under marching orders. I go with an ambulance for the wounded Colonel, but ascertain that he is already on the road. We march till after midnight, and then bivouac on the heights beyond Dix River. I lie down, "solitary and alone," without a blanket, upon the dewy grass, by the wayside. Before cock-crowing I am wakened by a severe blow upon my shoulder, to find myself under the feet of a mule. The driver has not seen me, and two of the animals have passed over me. A moment more, and I should have been crushed by the wheels. I arise slightly bruised, and thank God for a comfortable night's lodging.

Friday morning, the tenth, we encamp near Bryantsville, ten miles from Harrodsburg, and about the same distance from Danville. Here I meet again with my friend Colonel Savage.

I have often had occasion to remark how erroneous frequently are our first estimates of character. Col. Savage at a distance had not impressed me altogether favorably. There was nothing like positive aversion, yet was there no attraction, no sympathy. A better acquaintance with him has developed qualities of which I never dreamed, and I feel an attachment to the man which I thought impossible. Under a somewhat rough exterior, he carries a kind and generous

heart. His remarkable peculiarities would have been much modified, no doubt, had he yielded in youth to the sweet influence of woman's love, without which nine men in ten become semi-barbarians by the time they are as old as Colonel S. He never married, however, and probably will die a bachelor.

He is a man of calm thought, sound judgment, self-reliant, careless of public opinion, fruitful of expedients, prompt and energetic in action, a stranger to fear, and very sincerely devoted to his country's cause. In the Florida war, in the Mexican campaign, on the floor of Congress, he was always the same ingenuous, magnanimous, independent soul. At the commencement of the current struggle, he was among the first to take the field. With the noble old hero, General Donelson, he endured great hardships among the mountains of Virginia, and subsequently did valuable service in South Carolina. He went into the recent battle with about three hundred and seventy men, and came out with less than half the number. Among all the officers that distinguished themselves in that terrible contest, there was none that behaved more heroically than Savage.

"True courage," says Shaftesbury, "is ever cool and calm. The bravest of men have least of a brutal, bullying insolence; and in every time of danger, are found the most serene and free."

VI.

OUT OF KENTUCKY.

(OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1862.)

"Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem necessary for the camp, the latter for counsel; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary."

COLTON.

ON Monday morning, the thirteenth of October, very sadly, our troops take up the line of march, and abandon this beautiful country to the tyrant spoiler. Not expecting such a movement, I have left some articles at Judge Chinn's, which I fear will be lost; among others, the potatoe which I pressed from General Boyle's garden, and the proof-sheets of THE BANNER OF THE REGIMENT. It grieves me much more to think that several hundred of our dear fellows, wounded too seriously to allow of their removal, remain in Harrodsburg and fall into the hands of the enemy.

Many bright eyes look mournfully after our retiring troops, and weep bitterly for the miseries which are coming upon them. They regarded Bragg's army as the flood that was to refresh the face of a country parched by the fervid heat of op-

pression, and renovate a land already half consumed by the swarming locusts of the north; but now the great stream is flowing past them, and bearing away with it their friends, their freedom, and their fondly cherished hopes.

A number of families, taking their servants, a scanty wardrobe, a small supply of provisions, and a few fine horses and mules, fall into the military current, and drift away from their pleasant homes; while others forsake all for liberty, and think they are making a good exchange. How terrible must be the tyranny which drives a people to such sacrifices!

This retreat has called forth much criticism and no small amount of censure. I shall not enter into the controversy.

> "A valiant man
> Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
> But worthily, and by selected ways,
> He undertakes by reason, not by chance;"

and an attention to two or three facts, I am well persuaded, will modify many a hasty conclusion, and silence many a murmuring tongue.

First, we must regard the Kentucky campaign as a unit. True, we entered the state in three columns, widely separated; but Smith's and Marshall's commands, as well as Polk's, were portions of Bragg's army; and to Bragg, as Commander in Chief of the whole, belongs the credit of their success. It was a play in several parts, with many actors, under a common director. It was a single fountain, sending forth a number of streams to mingle their waters in the same sea.

Secondly, we must consider the comparative strength of the two armies. Polk's column was something less than twenty-five thousand; Smith's, not more than twelve thousand; and Marshall's, only two thousand and five hundred; making a total of thirty-nine thousand and five hundred; while the numbers of the enemy in the state, taking their own estimates, were nearly as three to one, with the greatest facilities for reinforcing to any desirable amount. This statement, which ought to tinge with shame every cowardly northern cheek, is sufficient to redeem Bragg's reputation with every ingenuous southern mind.

Thirdly, we must take into the account the aggregate results of the enterprise. It converted a defensive war into an offensive; transferred the scene of action from Mississippi to Kentucky; revived the drooping spirits of our troops, and visibly improved their health; dislodged the enemy from his mountain fastness at Cumberland Gap without striking a blow; brought Buell back, with his main force, from the line of the Tennessee River to the Ohio; furnished subsistence for our army from an extensive and fruitful region which the enemy claimed and occupied as conquered territory; gave us large quantities of clothing, and provision, many small arms, field pieces, and ordnance stores, with valuable acquisitions to our ranks, and prisoners to nearly half the number of our men. Are these facts to be lightly esteemed?

Sunday, the nineteenth, we pass through Cumberland Gap, a grand gateway in the great wall of

nature. No pause for worship, though here is one of God's sublimest temples. The mountains are crested with cannon, and the forests on all sides are felled to give them play. To take this American Gibralter would require an army of Titans. As I sit down and "wait for the wagon," I cannot help repeating the fine stanzas of an American poet:

"The hills—the everlasting hills—
How peerlessly they rise!
Like earth's gigantic sentinels,
Discoursing through the skies!

"Hail, Nature's stormproof fortresses,
By Freedom's children trod!
Hail, ye invulnerable walls,
The masonry of God!

"When earth's dismantled pyramids
Shall blend with desert dust;
When every temple made with hands
Is faithless to its trust;—

"Ye shall not stoop your Titan crests,
Magnificent as now,
Till your Almighty Architect
In thunder bids you bow!"

Sunday, the twenty-sixth, we are encamped near Knoxville. The condition of our troops, tentless and shoeless, is truly deplorable. A heavy fall of snow drives them to booths and bonfires. Public worship is impracticable. The Rev. Mr. Martin has furnished me with a good supply of tracts, and I spend the day in distributing them throughout the brigade. It is encouraging to see with what avidity they are seized and read. I believe I have done more good by this means, since I have been in the

army, than by preaching the Gospel. Frequently have I seen a circle of gamblers throw aside their cards and dice to receive these messengers of mercy, and retire at once to peruse them. The great harvest-day shall reveal the fruit!

We remain here but a few days. The brigade take the railway for Middle Tennessee. The Chaplain accompanies the wagon train across the Cumberland Mountains. Sunday, the second of November, finds us on the march. No preaching possible, I pause by the wayside, sit down in a retired and shady spot, read a few chapters from the Blessed Book, then spend six pleasant hours in the composition of a sermon, afterward follow my friends at double-quick time, and overtake them at twilight in bivouac.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy to their mouths to steal away their brains!"

Aye, Master William, and their consciences too!

Thursday the sixth is celebrated by our train-officers as All-Drunkard's Day. It were useless to disguise the fact, or soften the terms that tell it; all hands—quartermasters, commissaries, teamsters, clerks—are disgracefully drunk. Major Winchester, Major Munday, and Captain Clark, are not with us; and if they were, instead of "following a multitude to do evil," they would probably have prevented to some extent the evil-doing of the multitude. During the ensuing night some one creeps into the tent and abstracts my spectacles. He might as well have taken my eyes.

"O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!"

Monday, the tenth, we overtake the troops at Tullahoma. General Donelson is absent, recuperating. Colonel O. F. Strahl* is temporarily in command of our brigade. He proves to be a refined and courteous gentleman, well informed on all subjects, scholarly in his tastes and habits, outwardly moral if not inwardly religious, and kindly disposed to aid the chaplain in his sacred work. He sends an order every Saturday to each of the regiments and the battery, publishing my appointments for the Sabbath; and further encourages attendance upon public worship by his own example. I have learned from a friend the following facts of his history:

He was born in the Buckeye State; educated in part at the Ohio Wesleyan University; commenced life as a civil engineer on a northern railway; wandered to Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, in quest of game and gold; migrated to Tennessee, and spent two years in the capacity of pedagogue; became a lawyer, and practised his profession successfully at Dyersburg; took the stump, in the last presidential canvass, for John Bell and the Union party; lifted up his voice like a trumpet, on the election of Lincoln, for Secession and Southern Rights; raised, armed and equipped a company of volunteers, and had them ready for the field by the first of February following; was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Fourth Tennessee Regiment, and upon its reorganization subsequently called to its chief command; was present at the battle of Belmont, witnessed the bombardment of Island

* Since promoted to Brigadier General.

Number Ten, participated in the two-day's contest at Shiloh, accompanied us through the Kentucky campaign, had a horse shot under him at Perryville, and in all these scenes played the man and the soldier.

Here I have once more, what I have not had for nearly four months past, a tent to myself. It is small, indeed, but better than none; and affords me retirement and opportunity for study. Thanks to our excellent Quarter-master, Major Winchester, for this convenience.

But what can I do without spectacles? I can neither read nor write, and am liable to lose myself within a hundred yards of my tent. But how is the desideratum to be supplied? The lens I am obliged to use is seldom to be found in small towns. I have visited Murfreesboro in vain. To Nashville I can neither go nor send. General Cheatham pities my condition, gives me indefinite leave of absence, with an order for transportation, and bids me go and furnish myself wherever I can. Chattanooga, Marietta, Atlanta, can none of them repair the damage done me in the Sequatchie Valley by that villainous glass of grog. But in Augusta, on Thursday the twentieth, mine eyes are opened, and I see all things clearly; Doctor Myers and the Advocate, Doctor Mann and his family, and the goodly viands that garnish his table, with many other old friends and new acquaintances.

Friday the twenty-first I am at the Capital of Georgia, listening to the legislative eloquence of the state, and imbibing full draughts of senatorial wisdom. Saturday the twenty-second I am at Eatonton, ca-

ressed by my little fugitive Charlestonian, while her dear mother repeats to me the inspiring story of her late captivity and escape. Sunday the twenty-third I am preaching to the citizens of this quiet town; and all is as calm as if the whole world were keeping Sabbath; and no one seems to know that there is an army within a thousand miles; and

> "My soul is an enchanted boat,
> Which like a silent swan doth float
> Upon the silver waves of that sweet singing."

Returning to Tennessee, I find our command at Murfreesboro; preach four successive Sabbaths to very large assemblies in church and camp; and General Polk, with many other officers of high degree, are attentive listeners to the word. During this period the chaplains hold several meetings for mutual counsel and encouragement; address a communication to General Bragg, requesting him to take such measures as shall secure to the soldiers more time for religious worship on the Sabbath; and he, promptly responding, issues an order, in phrase of pious orthodoxy, requiring the suspension of all unnecessary drills, reviews, inspections, and other military exercises, on that sacred day; and earnestly exhorting all commanding officers to encourage their respective commands to "assemble and meet together to confess their sins before the face of Almighty God, to render thanks for the great benefits we have received at his hands, to set forth his most worthy praise, to hear his most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul."

President Davis and General Joseph E. Johnston have recently made us a visit. They reviewed the troops, and expressed themselves highly gratified with their discipline and condition. The latter takes command henceforth of the Western Army.

General John H. Morgan has captured the Federal garrison at Hartsville, on the other side of the Cumberland. Fifteen hundred prisoners were brought to Murfreesboro, paroled, and sent to Nashville. Rosecranz cursed them for a set of cowards, decorated them with cotton night caps, marched them through the city to the Railroad station, and started them northward with many a sonorous execration. The brave Kentucky Cavalier was married a few days after this event, by our Bishop General, to the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Colonel Ready.

The Rev. Messrs. Browning and Elliott have arrived in Murfreesboro. They had lain several months in Northern prisons, and have but lately been released. They have suffered extremely, having been thrust into a small room, with sixteen others and a cooking stove. The former of these gentlemen assures me that the Yankees still hold many Southern soldiers in confinement, whom they captured in battle a year or more ago; that numbers of them are wasting away, from hard usage, bad water, and insufficient food; and that some have been wantonly shot by the sentinels.

The Rev. Doctor Sehon also has recently been enlarged. Andy Johnson had kept him a long time in the Nashville penitentiary, plying him frequently with the infamous Federal oath. The Doctor spurned

it with indignation, would not even give his parole of honor, nor any pledge whatever that might be construed into an acknowledgment of the right of Mr. Lincoln to arrest and imprison an unarmed and peaceable citizen. He has displayed a noble firmness and independence, and has won his freedom without cringing at the feet of the tyrant.

A number of ladies, too, have come through the lines. Some of them barely escaped the talons of the old tiger at Nashville, and the fangs of his wolfish crew. Others are here to look after their friends, sick or wounded it may be, in the Confederate army. How much they have suffered in the absence of those friends! how much of hardship, terror, sorrow, anguish and suspense! How dear to their gentle hearts must be the cause for which they can make such sacrifices and endure such wrongs! Let another speak on this subject—Bishop Elliott in a late sermon at Savannah:

"The attitude of woman is sublime. Bearing all the sacrifices of which I have just spoken, she is moreover called upon to suffer in her affections, to be wounded and smitten where she feels most deeply and enduringly. Man goes to the battlefield, but woman sends him there, even though her heartstrings tremble while she gives the farewell kiss and the farewell blessing. Man is supported by the necessity of movement, by the excitement of action, by the hope of honor, by the glory of conquest; woman remains at home to suffer, to bear the cruel torture of suspense, to tremble when the battle has been fought and the news of the slaughter is flashing over the electric wire, to know that defeat will cover her with dishonor and her little ones with ruin, to learn that the husband she doted upon, the son whom she cherished in her bosom and upon whom she never let the wind blow too rudely, the brother with whom she sported through all her happy days of childhood, the lover to whom her early vows were plighted, has died upon some distant battle-field,

and lies there a mangled corpse, unknown and uncared for, never to be seen again even in death! Oh! those fearful lists of the wounded and the dead! How carelessly we pass them over, unless our own loved ones happen to be linked with them in military association! And yet each name in that roll of slaughter carries a fatal pang to some woman's heart—some noble, devoted woman's heart. But she bears it all, and bows submissively to the stroke. 'He died for the cause. He perished for his country. I would not have it otherwise, but I should like to have given the dying boy my blessing, the expiring husband my last kiss of affection, the bleeding lover the comfort of knowing that I kneeled beside him.'"

VII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

(DECEMBER, 1862.)

"Last of all, the brave Burnside,
With his pontoon bridges, tried
A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men
For the rebel "slaughter pen,"
And the blessed Union flag aflying o'er him;
But he met a "fire of hell,"
Of canister and shell,
Enough to make the knees of any man knock;
'Twas a shocking sight to view,
That second Waterloo,
On the banks of the pleasant Rappahannock."

ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

FREDERICKSBURG is free. General Lee's victory on the thirteenth of December was complete and glorious. From his very modest official report I extract the following paragraphs:

"On the night of the 10th instant the enemy commenced to throw three bridges over the Rappahannock—two at Fredericksburg, and the third about a mile and a quarter below, near the mouth of Deep Run.

"The plain on which Fredericksburg stands is so completely commanded by the hills of Stafford, in possession of the enemy, that no effectual opposition could be offered to the construction of the bridges or the passage of the river, without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of his numerous batteries. Positions were therefore selected to oppose his advance after crossing.

"The narrowness of the Rappahannock, its winding course and deep bed, afforded opportunity for the construction of bridges at points beyond the reach of our artillery, and the banks had to be watched by skirmishers. The latter, sheltering themselves behind the houses, drove back the working parties of the enemy at the bridges opposite the city; but at the lowest point of crossing, where no shelter could be had, our sharpshooters were themselves driven off, and the completion of the bridges was affected about noon on the 11th.

"In the afternoon of that day the enemy's batteries opened upon the city, and by dark had so demolished the houses on the river bank as to deprive our skirmishers of shelter; and, under cover of his guns, he effected a lodgment in the town.

"The troops which had so gallantly held their position in the city, under the severe cannonade during the day, resisting the advance of the enemy at every step, were withdrawn during the night, as were also those who with equal tenacity had maintained their post at the lowest bridge. Under cover of darkness and of a dense fog, on the 12th, a large force passed the river and took position on the right bank, protected by their heavy guns on the left.

"The morning of the 13th, his arrangements for attack being completed, about nine o'clock, the movement veiled by a fog, he advanced boldly in large force against our right wing. Gen. Jackson's corps occupied the right of our line, which rested on the railroad; Gen. Longstreet's, the left, extending along the heights to the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg. Gen. Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry, was posted in the extensive plain on our extreme right.

"As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, Gen. Stuart, with his accustomed promptness moved up a section of his horse artillery, which opened with effect upon his flank, and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire, which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours. In the meantime, the enemy was fiercely encountered by Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, forming Gen. Jackson's right, and after an obstinate combat repulsed. During this attack, which was protracted and hotly contested, two of Gen. Hill's brigades were driven back upon our second line.

"General Early, with part of his division, being ordered to his support, drove the enemy back from a point of woods he had seized,

and pursued him into the plain until arrested by his artillery The right of the enemy's column extending beyond Hill's front, encountered the right of Gen. Hood, but were quickly dispossessed and repulsed with loss.

"During the attack on our right the enemy was crossing troops over his bridges at Fredericksburg, and massing them in front of Longstreet's line. Soon after his repulse on our right he commenced a series of attacks on our left, with a view of obtaining possession of the heights immediately overlooking the town. These repeated attacks were repulsed in gallant style by the Washington Artillery under Colonel Walton, and a portion of McLaw's Division which occupied those heights.

"The last assault was made after dark, when Col. Alexander's Battalion had relieved the Washington Artillery, (whose ammunition had been exhausted,) and ended the contest for the day. The enemy was supported in his attack by the fire of strong batteries of artillery on the right bank of the river, as well as by the numerous heavy batteries on the Stafford heights."

The correspondent of the London Times thus describes the gallant action and melancholy fate of Meagher's Irish Brigade:

"Meanwhile the battle, which had dashed furiously against the lines of Gen. Hood, A. P. Hill, and Early, was little more than child's play, as compared with the onslaught directed by the Federals in the immediate neighborhood of Fredericksburg. The impression that the Confederate batteries would not fire heavily upon the Federals advancing in this quarter, for fear of injuring the town of Fredericksburg, is believed to have prevailed among the Northern generals. How bitterly they deceived themselves subsequent events served to show. To the Irish division, commanded by General Meagher, was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg, and forming under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never, at Fonteroy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo, was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. There are stories that General Meagher harrangued his troops in impassioned

language on the morning of the 13th, and plied them extensively with the whiskey found in the cellars of Fredericksburg. After witnessing the gallantry and devotion exhibited by his troops, and viewing the hilsides for acres strewn with their corpses thick as autumnal leaves, the spectator can remember nothing but their desperate courage, and regret that it was not exhibited in a holier cause. That any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, it seems to me idle for a moment to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Col. Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Hights on the 13th day of December, 1862."

On the night of the fifteenth, Burnside withdrew his troops across the river, and telegraphed to the War Department at Washington that they were "safe." Being safe on the north side of the Rappahannock, however, with the loss of twenty-five or thirty thousand men, is somewhat different from being safe in the Confederate Capital, with President, Cabinet and Congress in custody. His army was, to Lee's, as three to one; and his loss in proportion to the number engaged, was equal to Napoleon's at Waterloo, though the French were there completely routed.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from the scene of action in a most melancholy strain, thus pays an involuntary tribute to the bravery of our troops, and gives their commanding officers credit for great skill and management:

"The Confederate leaders have acted with their usual wiliness in this whole matter. They did well to let us into Fredericksburg firing but a half dozen guns, when they could have brought a hundred

to bear upon us. The city itself was the veriest trap that ever was laid, and we have walked into it. Is it any wonder that with such a position, on the inside of an arc of a circle of batteries,

'Mid upper, nether and surrounding fires,'

our troops were over and over again broken and shattered in their attempt to take it? The wonder is that such admirable pluck was shown."

An eye witness of the desolation says:

"No city on this continent ever presented such a spectacle as Fredericksburg did after it had been reëntered by our troops. Every house in the place had been thoroughly pillaged from the garret to the cellar. Every thing that was useful or serviceable was carried off. Whatever they could not carry off, the scoundrels destroyed. There was not a chair, or a sofa, or a bureau, or a wardrobe, or a carpet, or a window-shade, or a piece of china or crockery-ware, left entire. Burnside promised his thieves the pillage of the place, and he kept his word. Deadly retribution followed swift upon the heels of this crime; but it has left thousands without the means of supporting life."

To the foregoing I add a brief extract from the Richmond Examiner:

"Burnside has been irretrievably defeated. He escaped what might perhaps have been the most extensive military catastrophe of modern times, except the annihilation of the army which Napoleon Bonaparte led to Moscow, only because the Confederates did not realize the amount of the punishment they had inflicted on their adversaries, or the degree of consequent demoralization into which they forthwith fell. It may be assumed as quite certain that this portion of the enemy's forces will attempt no further offensive operations during this winter. They may possibly endeavor to pass the season in the Northern Neck; and although Gen. Lee may not find it safe to attempt the subsistence of his whole army beyond the Rappahannock, there is no reason why Jackson, with a column of thirty thousand, should not fall on the cowed mass of brute force between the Potomac and the Rappahannock like a swordfish on the sides of the whale; and if not destroy it in detail, at least create

such annoyance and terror as to render safety under the guns of Washington an object even more desirable to the Yankee heart than ever was the plunder of Richmond."

The Northern mind was now perfectly paralyzed, and its "hope was as the giving up of the ghost." When it began to recover from the shock, it vented its rage and despair in bitter execrations and doleful threnodies. The Washington Republican thought Lincoln had better withdraw the army from Virginia for the protection of the Capital. The Louisville Journal said it was "painful and absolutely sickening to think of the horrible slaughter of our troops at Fredericksburg," and declared that the war could not be carried on much longer as it had been. The New York World regarded this defeat as "the most disastrous of the war," and added,—

"If, in the present posture of affairs, the President issues his threatened emancipation proclamation on the 1st of January, he will be simply an object of derision. To proclaim the slaves free immediately after the rebels have met him at the threshold of their territory and driven him ignominiously out, would be a piece of ridiculous bravado that would make him the laughing stock of the world. If he happens to be in a proclaiming mood on the first of January, let him proclaim freedom to the Northern citizens in the South, who were overtaken there by the rebellion, and have not been able to get away. Let him proclaim freedom to the Union men of East Tennessee, who have so long listened in vain for the chariot wheels of deliverance. Everybody sees how futile and ridiculous it would be for Mr. Lincoln to publish a proclamation declaring these classes free. But has he any more power to free the negroes than to free them? Have not they at least as strong a claim on the government as the slaves? If Mr. Lincoln has as ready perception of the ridiculous as such an inveterate maker of jokes ought to have, he will postpone his "bull against the comet." It has become, however, a matter of no sort of consequence, either to the rebels or to anybody else, whether the proclamation be issued or not."

The New York Herald set its music to the same melancholy key. It said this appalling disaster had dissipated the confident expectations of a short, sharp and decisive winter campaign, and forced the friends of the Union to relinquish all hope of crushing the rebellion before the election of 1864. It is ludicrous, indeed, to hear the old Scotch blasphemer praying as lustily as a shipwrecked mariner, and in the next breath cursing the officers who have run the ship upon the rocks:—

"Heaven help us! There seems to be no help in man. The cause is perishing. Hope after hope has vanished, till now the only prospect is the very blackness of despair.

"But how can we adjure Heaven for help? Was it not said by the wisest of Pagans that 'there is a stupidity which baffles even the gods?' and is it not a proverb among Christians, too, that 'God helps those only who help themselves?' What right have we to expect that even Infinite Mercy will stay the laws of the universe that we and ours will be snatched from the track to death? Is it not impious presumption to imagine that the Eternal Reason, which has ordained cause and effect, will abdicate to suit the folly that now governs us?

"And yet it is a terrible spectacle. A ship, the grandest that ever sailed the tide of time, freighted with interests for the race passing all calculation and beyond all price, the marvel and the glory of the whole world—we say it is a terrible spectacle to see this peerless argosy in the hands of chattering idiots, and blind, blundering imbeciles, driving straight on upon the breakers and quicksands, while the crew, the stoutest and the most faithful that ever trod deck, are compelled to look passively on, and, in sheer helplessness, await the all-engulphing fate.

"Don't call this extravagant language. It is not extravagant. It but feebly expresses the dreadful reality. Here we are, reeling back from the third campaign upon Richmond; fifteen thousand of the grand army sacrificed at one swoop, and the rest escaping only by a hair's breadth; and all for what? For the same old accursed trio of imbeciles at Washington; Lincoln, Halleck, and Staunton.

"Those rebel heights, so murderous, might have been carried without a blow, had the pontoon bridges been delivered at the time promised by the imbeciles at Washington. In the face of the stupendous work which the enemy was able to accomplish by reason of that failure, Burnside would have never made the attack, as he did, had he not, in spite of his most pressing protests, been peremptorily ordered to cross that river and storm those heights, then and there, by the men at Washington. That is the true record. Not all the cunning nor all the impudence of White House flunkeys can change that record one iota. Like the fatal blunders that preceded it, it has gone unalterably into history.

"Alas, for our country! Given over, it would seem, to the most ignoble fate that ever befel a country wrecked by imbeciles! Time was, we have read, when an incompetent ruler was not permitted among men. If he could not or would not gird himself up to the task required of him, he had to give way, and often very swiftly too, to the man whom God made to command. This cannot be now. The people have named the one to hold the helm of State for four years, come sunshine or come storm. We must abide him as he is, and find in his drollery what solace we can. And yet it is a pity that he cannot be induced to call in proper helpers."

There was now a tremendous jar in the enginery of the steamship of state. Captain Lincoln was requested to remove it all, and put in new, if he could not devise some way to make it work more smoothly and effectually. Seward and Chase anticipated the action, and offered to retire. The President told them he could not manage the craft without them, and swore that he would not be dictated to by the crew. So Seward and Chase consented to remain on board; and the ponderous machine, which came near stopping with a disastrous shock, went grinding on, red with the blood of innumerable hearts.

The imbroglio is only quieted for a season. It is a forced compromise, not a cordial reconciliation. The smothered fires will burst forth anew. It is the

old everlasting struggle for place and spoil. One of our popular journalists very justly remarks:

"Offices cannot be given to all. Contract will not make a millionaire of every Yankee. The sands of the shore and the water in the sea have both limits to their numbers and to their quantity; the offices in the gift of Lincoln, numerous as they are, have been finally counted; and the pockets of the nation, deep though they be, have been sounded by the fingers of peculators till their bottom is reached. Without the door of the treasury stand the hungry millions to whom no morsel of the feast has been thrown. The long growl rises to a roar, and the solid gates shake under their hands. The war upon the South has drained the hearts of many, and fattened the purse for none of these. The quarrels of those Senators, Cabinet officers and Generals are but the whirling chips and scattering foam that show the agitation of the waters beneath. It will be found impossible to reconcile their disputes, for they are inspired by the divisions of a nation. The people of the United States have ceased to be a unit, even for the plunder and murder of the South. Here we have a solid ground for satisfaction. The real union of a nation for any purpose, good or bad, constitutes a tremendous agency. The union for resistance in the Southern Confederacy exists in its greatest integrity. The combination for attack in the North is disordered and discordant. That division does not immediately end the war, nor even diminish our danger; but it is an element, the growth of which will render our safety and success purely an affair of time."

VIII.

MURFREESBORO.

(JANUARY, 1863.)

"If we
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy."

SHAKSPEARE.

FOR several successive days the thunder of artillery had heralded the approaching storm of battle. Our troops had fallen back from Triune and Eagleville, drawing the enemy after them. The army of Tennessee was now concentrated at Murfreesboro. A line of battle was formed in front of the town, crossing Stone's river, the railway, and the Nashville turnpike; and extending from the Lebanon turnpike on the right to the Franklin road on the left, a distance of five or six miles. Here our brave boys, with their gallant officers, calmly awaited the invader of their homes, the despoiler of their possessions, the oppressor of their families and friends. Never were troops more determined, seldom more hopeful of success.

"Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just."

Tuesday, the thirtieth of December, there was warm skirmishing in the morning, and a grand

artillery duel in the afternoon. Toward sunset, the scene became one of real sublimity. The enemy, having felt carefully our entire line, now concentrated a large force, well supported by batteries, against Withers and Cheatham in the center. Here the demons of war raged with their utmost fury. Here the heroic Robertson and the intrepid Stanford, with their artillery, won for themselves unfading laurels. Here our valorous Mississippians, Alabamians, and Tennesseeans, received the shock of four times their number, and strewed the field with the slaughtered hirelings of the Northern despot. And here, when night closed over the scene, they lay down in the mud, without blankets or fires, under a bitter north wind, and awaited the return of the daylight and the renewal of the strife.

Cold, and clear, and calm, dawned the memorable thirty-first—a glorious morning to meet the foe. The embattled host presented a splendid sight—Breckenridge with his Kentuckians on the right, McCown and Cleburn on the left, Withers and Cheatham in the center—more than thirty thousand patriots, forming a living wall between the ruthless invader and their own precious liberty.

> "To hero boon for battle strife,
> Or bard of martial lay,
> 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array."

Before them stood the serried ranks of the enemy, seventy thousand strong, with a reserve of thirty or forty thousand in their rear, and a hundred and fifty pieces of artillery.

The sun had not yet risen when a general advance of our left wing was ordered. McCown's division moved forward with the impetuosity of the tempest, sweeping before them like thistle-down a force six times their number. Cleburn's followed, with shouts which rent the welkin, and struck terror into the hearts of the Yankee host. Then moved Withers and Cheatham, with equal or superior enthusiasm, mowing down the flying foe

"As the reaper mows the grain."

Ever and anon the fugitives rallied, formed anew, and met the fury of the Confederate charge; but again and again they wavered, broke their ranks, and fled like frightened sheep. Battery after battery was taken, and soon the field was blue with Yankee breeches.

At this stage of the battle fell the gallant Rains. His brigade seemed to be engaged with a whole division. A murderous fire, from front and flank, threatened their annihilation. He galloped to the van, and perished with the word "Forward!" upon his lips. A minie ball had pierced his heart.

By ten o'clock our left had driven the enemy's right back nearly three miles. At this hour the writer arrived upon the field, having ridden fifteen miles that morning, hearing the terrific sound of battle all the way like the roar of a distant storm. I found our division, with its center near the ruins of Cowan's house, its right on Stone's river, and its left on the Wilkerson turnpike. General Cheatham was riding to and fro like a monarch on some grand

gala day, seeming somewhat more at home than usual. General Donelson displayed a cool courage which was truly sublime,

> "And by his rare example made the crowd
> Turn terror into sport."

This was the fiercest scene upon the field. Rosecrans, with his right driven back upon his center, had made a desperate stand. His forces, with the greater part of his artillery, were now massed upon a slight elevation. It was a formidable position, a ledge of limestone furnishing a natural breastwork for the men. Chalmers had been ordered to charge this stronghold; had moved forward gallantly to the task; but had been severely wounded, and forced to fall back under the concentrated fire of the foe. Donelson, with his brigade, now rushed to his support like an ocean wave upon a rocky shore. Colonel Savage, on the right, was raging to and fro, across the railroad and the Nashville turnpike, stretching his regiment out from the river to Cowan's house, and thus holding a large space of ground under a tremendous hail of shot and shell; while Carnes's battery, in his rear, was sending death and hell over the heads of his men, into the solid ranks of the foe. The brave Colonel Moore, at the head of the invincible Eighth, was "jeoparding his life unto the death in the high places of the field."

> "He bore him in the thickest troop,
> As doth a lion in a herd of neat,
> Or as a bear encompassed round with dogs."

It was his last charge, and three hundred of his

command fell with their heroic leader. Chester and Carter also, with their respective regiments, did their duty nobly; and the First Brigade of the First Division that day covered themselves with glory. The battle increased in fury till one o'clock, when it abated for a season, from the sheer exhaustion of the troops. General Donelson's horse had been shot under him, and seven hundred of his men had been killed and wounded; but he had captured eleven cannon, taken more than a thousand prisoners, and strewed the field afar with the ghastly wrecks of Northern fanaticism and hate.

A Yankee writer from the battle-field, to one of the Cincinnati papers, gives the following graphic account of this act of the drama:

"The enemy succeeded in getting the right flank completely hemmed in. A large number of officers of every grade were shot down while standing almost at the muzzle of the rebel muskets. The brigades and regiments rushed upon one another in disgraceful disorder, and the rout of the division became irretrievable.

"I suppose I shall raise a storm about my head for saying so, but I can't, from all that I have heard, come to any other conclusion, than that the right wing of the army was completely surprised, and that, too, under circumstances which should have rendered it particularly careful and vigilant.

"Whether General McCook or General Johnston is to blame, this impartial investigation will hereafter determine. At present the sentiment of the entire army is extremely hostile to both, and I imagine it will not be many days before there are important changes in the leadership of the fourteenth army corps.

"Brigade after brigade, battery after battery, from Palmer's, Negley's, and Rousseau's divisions, were sent into the midst of the thickets to check the progress of the foe and rally the fugitives, but all in turn were either crushed by the flying crowds, broken by the impetuosity of the foe, and put to confused flight, or compelled to retire and extricate themselves in the best manner that seemed to offer.

"The history of the combat in those dark cedar thickets will never be known. No man could see even the whole of his regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought bravest, and they who proved recreant to their trust.

"I know there was some cowardice displayed; but I know, too, that there was shown by many officers and regiments as lofty a heroism as that which distinguished and immortalized the followers of Godfrey or the Cid; but, in spite of heroism and devotion, in spite of desperate struggles which marked every fresh advance of the foe, in spite of awful sacrifice of life on the part of the officers and soldiers of the Union army, the rebels still steadily pushed forward and came nearer to the turnpike.

"Nearly two miles and a half the right wing of our army had been driven, and faintness of heart came over me as the destruction of our whole army seemed to stare us in the face.

"The right of Davis's division, assailed at the same time as Johnston's, gave way simultaneously, and the rout of the remainder seemed to follow as a matter of course. This left to Gen. Sheridan the task of repelling the hitherto successful onset of the foe. Never did man labor more faithfully than he to perform his task, and never was a leader seconded by more gallant soldiers.

"His division formed a kind of pivot upon which the broken right wing turned in its flight, and its perilous condition can be easily imagined when the flight of Davis's division left it without any protection from the triumphant enemy, who now swarmed upon its front and right flank; but it fought until a fourth of its number lay bleeding and dying upon the field, and till both remaining brigade commanders, Colonels Robert and Schaeffer, had met with the same fate of Gen. Sill. Then it gave way, and, as in almost every instance of the kind, retreat was changed to rout, only less complete than that of the troops of Johnson and Davis.

"All these divisions were now hurled back together into the immense cedar thickets which skirt the turnpike, and were hurried over toward the right, and massed rank behind rank in an array of imposing grandeur along the turnpike and facing to the woods through which the rebels were advancing. The scene at this time was grand and awful as anything I ever expect to witness until the day of judgment.

"I stood in the midst and upon the highest point of the somewhat

elevated space, being between the turnpike and the railroad, and forming the key to our entire position. Let the rebels once obtain possession of it, and the immense trains of wagons parked along the turnpike, and the Union army was irretrievably ruined. Even its line of retreat would be cut off, and nothing could save it from utter rout, slaughter and capture—and yet each minute it became more and more painfully evident that all the reinforcements which had been hurried into the woods to sustain and rally the broken wing and check the progress of the enemy in that direction, had proved inadequate to the task, and had in turn been overthrown by the great mass which was straggling in inextricable disorder through the woods.

"Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars were enough to appal with terror the stoutest hearts. The roar of cannon, the crashing of shot through the trees, the whizzing and bursting of the shells, the uninterrupted rattle of thirty thousand muskets—all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sound, as though all the thunders of heaven had been rolled together, and each individual burst of celestial artillery had been rendered perpetual. Above it all could be heard the wild cheer of the traitorous host, as body after body of our troops gave way, and were pushed toward the turnpike.

"Nearer and nearer came the storm, louder and louder resounded the tumult of battle. The immense train of wagons parked along the road suddenly seemed instinct with struggling life, and every species of army vehicle, preceded by frightened mules and horses, rolled and rattled away pell-mell in an opposite direction, pressing onward. The shouts and cries of the terrified teamsters, urging their teams to the top of their speed, were now mingled with the billows of sound which swayed and surged over the field.

"Everything now depended upon the regiments and batteries which the genius of Rosecrans had massed along the turnpike to receive the enemy when he should emerge from the woods in pursuit of our broken and flying battalions. Suddenly the rout became visible, and a crowd of ten thousand fugitives, presenting every possible phase of wild and uncontrollable disorder, burst from the cedar thickets, and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Among them all, perhaps no half dozen members of the same regiment could have been found together.

"Thick and fast the bullets of the enemy fell among them, and scores were shot down; but still the number constantly increased by reason of the fresh crowd which burst every moment from the thickets. It was with the greatest difficulty that some of the regiments which had been massed together, as a sort of forlorn hope, to withstand, and if possible, drive back the victorious cohorts of treason, could prevent their ranks from being crushed or broken by the mass of fugitives.

"From my position upon the elevated ground between the railroad and turnpike, I could view the whole scene, and with an intensity of interest and tumultuous emotion which I can find no language to express. The flower of our troops were ranged in order here, and I had no fears for the result, unless one of those unaccountable panics, which sometimes reign, even in an army of veterans, should seize upon our yet unbroken battalions. Yet there were men not liable to panic, men whose lofty courage and devotion to their country's cause overcame and extinguished fear.

"With cool, calm courage, General Crittenden awaited the coming storm, and conspicuous among the rest was the well-built form of the commanding General, his countenance unmoved by the tumult around him, and his thoughtful and animated features expressing a high and patriotic hope, which acted like an inspiration upon every one that beheld him as he cast his eyes over the grand array which he had mustered to repel the foe. He already felt himself master of the situation.

"At last the long lines of the enemy emerged from the woods, rank behind rank, and with a demoniac yell, intended to strike terror into the 'Yankees' who stood before them, charged with fearful energy almost to the very muzzles of the cannon, whose dark mouths yawned upon them. A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the Union forces, an awful roar shook the earth, a crash rent the air, the foremost lines of the rebel host were literally swept from the field, and seemed to melt away like snow flakes before the flame, and then both armies were enveloped in a cloud of smoke which hid everything from the eye.

"In the still visible ground between the pike and the railroad the tumult redoubled. Not knowing what would be the result of the strife which was raging under the great canopy of smoke that concealed the combatants, the flight of those in charge of wagons and

ambulances became still more rapid and disordered. Thousands of fugitives from the right wing mingled with the teams, and frequently a mass of men, horses, and wagons, would be crushed and ground together. Every conceivable form of deadly missile whizzed and whirled and burst amid the crowd, and terror and dismay ruled uncontrollably."

Having witnessed these splendid exploits, I retired to the rear, crossed the river, and rode up to Cobb's battery on the right, where I had a better view of the Yankee stronghold. Here I remained half an hour, observing the magnificent action of our artillery, till the deadly missiles came too fierce and frequent for my perfect peace of mind. So I rode down to a thicket on the river bank, where I thought my precious life would be safer, though somewhat nearer the enemy. Scarcely had I alighted from my saddle, when a terrific shower of shot and shell, of all sorts and sizes, fell among the trees, and rattled against the rocks. Several of these sweet singers passed inconveniently near me. A bomb exploded within a few feet of my barb. A cannon ball struck in the brink of the river, and bespattered my pulpit suit with muddy water. A friend at my elbow now suggested that a change of climate might be favorable to health. I was not long in debating the question; and the way Fanny carried me out of that thicket was one of the most interesting spectacles of this eventful day.

In a few moments I found myself near my old position on the opposite side of the stream. General Bragg was there, pacing up and down with his hands behind him, apparently insensible of peril. General Polk was sitting upon his horse hard by, as calm in

aspect as a summer evening. Their respective staffs and escorts were clustered about them; and every instant some courier was arriving with tidings, and another was galloping away over the smoky field. Surely, there could be little danger here. I dismounted, and held my barb by the bridle. Whew—whish—whiz—whir—whang—whack! One would think all the Yankee guns were suddenly turned upon this particular spot! A shell falls close by three men who are sitting upon the ground, and it is beautiful to see them change their base. One of them commences skedaddling on all fours, and runs some fifty yards before he fairly attains an erect attitude; while another, looking one way and retreating the opposite, plunges headlong into a sink-hole, and lies there quietly—whether because he is killed, or because he thinks he has gained a better position, perhaps I had as well not tarry to inquire. Fanny, the General has gone; is it not time the Chaplain were going?

It is past three o'clock. Breckenridge has hitherto been held in reserve on the right. He now crosses the river, and assails the rocky fastness of the foe. Adams and Jackson's brigades rush on like a cataract. The first charge is unsuccessful. The second also is repulsed. While they are preparing for the third, night closes in upon victor and vanquished, the living and the dead. I fall into the great current of humanity that is sweeping townward, and find a hospitable welcome at the residence of Mr. Dromgoole.

With the dawn of the new year comes the sullen

boom of cannon. The house trembles, and the windows rattle. Captain Carnes and Captain Byrnes are shelling the enemy out of the ditches which he has dug during the night.

Soon after sunrise I ride out to the lines. General Donelson is parching some corn on a bit of tin for his breakfast. He has had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. Some of his men, I dare say, have fasted as long as he. So had those dead Yankees, who lie by scores around him. Many of them expired with crackers in their hands—even between their teeth. The ground is strewed everywhere with arms, canteens, knapsacks, haversacks, cartouch-boxes, the wrecks of gun-carriages and caisons, and slain horses mingling with murdered men. Little knots of soldiers are burying their butchered comrades; and solitary individuals, here and there, are strolling about in quest of spoil. One is pulling a pair of boots from the feet of a foeman he has no longer any reason to fear; another is divesting a defunct Lieutenant of a pair of blue pants which are rather more tidy than his own; a third has possessed himself of a gold watch which its former proprietor is not likely to need again; a fourth is quietly investigating the contents of a pocket-book that he has appropriated; and a fifth I fear will kill himself with laughter over a Yankee love-letter he is reading.

There is no fighting now. The two armies lie opposite each other, like two wild beasts exhausted with the rage of battle, eyeing each other ferociously, and ready to spring again upon each other's throat. I seize the opportunity of the uncertain respite for

surveying, as far as practicable, the scene of yesterday's slaughter.

Ah! how many expired with the year! Here they lie, friend and foe, in every possible position, a vast promiscuous ruin.

> "They sleep their last sleep; they have fought their last battle;
> No sound shall awake them to glory again."

After a pretty thorough inspection of the ground in the rear of our lines, from Stone's river to the extreme left, I ride to the front, where the dead lie thick among the cedars, in the proportion of five Yankees to one Southron. Here are sights to sicken the bravest heart, sad lessons for human passion and oppression. Here is a foot, shot off at the ankle, a fine model for a sculptor. Here is an officer's hand, severed from the wrist, with the glove still upon it, and the sword in its grasp. Here is an entire brain, perfectly isolated, showing no sign of violence, as if carefully taken from the skull that enclosed it by the hands of a skillful surgeon. Here is a corpse, sitting upon the ground, with its back against a tree, in the most natural position of life, holding before its face the photograph likeness of a good-looking old lady, probably the dead man's mother. Here is a poor fellow, who has crawled into the corner of the fence to read his sister's letter, and expired in the act of its perusal, the precious document still open before him full of affectionate counsel. Here is a handsome young man, with a most placid countenance, lying upon his back, his Bible upon his bosom, and his hands folded over it, as if he had

gone to sleep saying his evening prayer. Many others present the melancholy contrast of scattered cards, obscene pictures, and filthy ballad-books—"miserable comforters" for a dying hour, but an instructive commentary upon the Yankee cause. One lies upon his face, literally biting the ground, his rigid fingers fastened firmly into the gory sod; and another, with upturned face, open eyes, knit brow, compressed lips, and clenched fists, displays all the desperation of Yankee vengeance imprinted upon his clay. Dissevered heads, arms, legs, are scattered everywhere; and the coagulated pools of blood gleam ghastly in the morning sun. It is a fearful sight for Christian eyes!

Now and then, as I ride over the field, the calm atmosphere quivers to the crash of a solitary cannon; and here and there, after a long interval of silence, may be heard a volley of musketry. But there has been no battle to-day, only slight skirmishing occasionally, at a few points along the line, with a complimentary shot ever and anon from some well-posted sharpshooter.

It is three o'clock. There is now another vigorous assault on the enemy's impregnable hill of cedars. For fifteen or twenty minutes, it seems as if all the artillery of both armies were in action. But it ceases, and all goes silent for the day. The gallant charge has been again repulsed.

In the dusky twilight I am returning to town. There is a clatter of hoofs behind me. It is Generals Bragg and Polk, with their respective staffs and escorts. The former hails me courteously, wishing

me a happy new year, and adds: "We think we can now say, with some degree of confidence, that the enemy is in full retreat." "Yes," responds the latter, "he has taken Murfreesboro, and is returning to Nashville." "Not much of Murfreesboro, General," I answer. "Rather more than he wanted," is the laconic rejoinder.

Ever since the commencement of the battle, Wheeler and Wharton, with their intrepid cavaliers, have been in Rosecrans's rear, picking up his stragglers, cutting off his supplies, setting fire to his wagon trains, destroying large quantities of ammunition, and sending spoils and prisoners to Murfreesboro, with encouraging messages to General Bragg.

Friday, the second, I find all the churches in town, the three college buildings, and several other large edifices, full of wounded and dying men, and many ladies tenderly ministering to their relief. Besides these, however, numbers have been taken into private residences, and multitudes are being conveyed away on the railroad. At the house of a citizen I meet with two members of my old regiment, very seriously injured—one of them, I fear, mortally. Poor boys! how glad they seem to see me! and how my heart bleeds for the suffering I cannot assuage!

At the court-house, shrouded for the sepulcher, lie the remains of Major General Sill, killed in Wednesday's engagement. The Yankee officers there in custody tell me they have lost several Brigadier Generals. Among the prisoners are three Chaplains; one of them an old acquaintance, the Rev. W. C. Atmore, of the Kentucky Conference.

He appears pleased to see me, but seems very much ashamed of his position, and makes an exceedingly awkward apology for being in the Federal army.

At the Rev. Mr. Critchlow's I have the honor of supping with a captive Colonel; a large, handsome, intelligent young man. He objects strongly to my calling him a Yankee; he is "no part of a Yankee." Nor must I speak of him as an Abolitionist; "there is not an Abolition hair in his head." He scorns the character of the one, and hates the principles of the other. I try to show him that, though theoretically he is neither, practically he is both. "O, no, indeed;" he does "not approve of the Lincoln policy;" and the emancipation proclamation is "an outrage upon humanity." I reply, that he is the most inconsistent of men, to fight for that which he cannot justify, and will not undertake to excuse. "But I am in the army," says he, "what can I do?" "Be honest," I answer, "and resign your commission." The painful fact comes out at last, that this man is a native Kentuckian.

To-day there is no fighting till half-past three o'clock, when the last effort is made to dislodge Rosecrans from his natural limestone fortress. The work is undertaken by Breckenridge's division, consisting of three brigades, assisted by Pegram's and Wharton's cavalry, and supported by a number of batteries. I have a secure position, from which I enjoy an unobstructed view of the two armies and their fierce collision, though overhead and all around bomb-shell and minie ball make fearful music. At the word of command, Kentuckians and Texans

spring forward like a herd of hungry tigers upon their prey.

> "At once there rose so wild a yell,
> As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner-cry of hell."

The roar of the musketry is like the din of a cataract; and the cannonading, crash after crash, too rapid to be counted, could scarcely be outdone by half a score of contending thunder-storms. To one who has never witnessed such a scene, it were impossible to give any adequate idea of its terrific sublimity.

In thirty minutes the enemy is driven back full half a mile, and both armies are lost in a dense cloud of smoke. Still the earth trembles and the forest echoes with the fearful music. It continues, with unabated grandeur for nearly an hour. Then our troops begin to emerge from "their sulphurous canopy." The concentrated legions of Rosecrans, supported by a hundred pieces of artillery, are too many for a mere handful of men, though every one of them were fired with Spartan valor. The brave fellows are coming over the hill very slowly, in perfect order, loading and firing as fast as possible; but it is sad to see them retreating, and to know that so many of them have fallen in the fruitless struggle.

> "Where, where was Roderick then?
> One blast upon his bugle horn
> Were worth a thousand men!"

Alas! he is mortally wounded—the heroic Hanson, and they have born him away to the rear.

As the sun goes down and the shades of evening deepen over the field, the flash of every gun becomes fearfully distinct; and the shells, bursting above the combatants, fall in brilliant showers among them. The contest lasts an hour and a half, when night interposes with its arbitrary interdiction, and our exhausted troops retire. It has been, perhaps, the fiercest onset of the whole battle, and will furnish the bloodiest page of the four days' history. A Yankee correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the field, says: "If utter madness can be called bravery, then were these rebels brave!"

Returning to town by moonlight, I find the road thronged, well nigh blockaded, by the wounded—on foot, on horseback, on litters, in wagons, in ambulances. An Irishman, with a shattered limb, seems to think no one has been injured but himself. "Go back, ye spalpeens!" he cries, "go back an' fight the buggars! What are ye laving for? Go back an' kill the last divil of 'em! I'll go mesel' if ye'll give me a jigger o' wheskey!"

Saturday, the third, it rains incessantly. "The dogs of war" have ceased to bay. No sound comes from the scene of the recent carnage. I remain in town, among the wounded, the dying, and the dead. At nightfall there are unmistakable indications of retreat. Long trains of wagons are moving in the wrong direction. I repair to the square, but can find no one able to give me any satisfactory information. My only expedient is to watch "the signs of the times." At nine o'clock I see artillery passing. At eleven Hardee's corps is moving toward the Man-

chester turnpike. An officer now informs me that Polk's command have commenced their march for Shelbyville. Enough. I return to my lodgings, throw myself upon a couch, and make an agonizing effort to sleep. It is unsuccessful. The house is all astir. Surgeons are coming and going. Wounded men are preparing for departure. A son and brother, with a shattered hand, must quit all and flee There is sighing, and groaning, and weeping, and wailing throughout the house. Were there no religion in it, there would be cursing too. Thank God! there is some religion, and the prayer gets the start of the execration.

Half-past one. The omnibus calls for the disabled. Kind hands have filled my haversack with bread and bacon. My barb neighs at the gate. Farewell, sweet friends! Heaven defend you against a ruthless foe! I mount, and away, through "the pelting of the pitiless storm." By seven the next morning, Fanny has waded through twenty miles of mortar; and my good brother Marks welcomes her rider to a bright fire, a warm breakfast, and a comfortable bed.

This retreat has been severely censured. Let it be borne in mind, that we were outnumbered, two to one, by the enemy; that a reconnoisance in his rear proved him, as was suspected, to have received large reinforcements from Kentucky; that four days' fighting, and six days' exposure to wet and cold, had quite exhausted the energies of our troops; and that the Yankee raid into East Tennessee, cutting off our railroad communication with Richmond, created some rational apprehension of trouble from that

quarter; reasons sufficient, perhaps, to justify General Bragg's movement as a wise and prudent measure.

"To judge by the event," says Colton, "is an error all abuse, and all commit. For, in every instance, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity. When Nelson fought his battle in the Sound, it was the result alone that decided whether he was to kiss a hand at a Court, or a rod at a Court Martial."

The battle of Murfreesboro must certainly be considered one of the greatest of the war, if we regard the disparity of numbers, the sharpness of the contest, the time of its continuance, and the amount of its material results. With an army of less than forty thousand, not all of whom were in the field, we hurled back a Federal force seventy thousand strong, with a reserve estimated at from thirty to forty thousand; killed, at least, five thousand; wounded fifteen thousand; captured four thousand stand of small arms, and thirty-three pieces of artillery; destroyed an immense quantity of commissary stores, medicines, and baggage; brought safely away with us all our spoils and prisoners, except those taken by our cavalry in the enemy's rear; and all this with a loss of scarcely eight thousand men—killed, wounded and missing.

If this is what you call a defeat, the God of battles soon grant us another!

IX.

OUR WESTERN CAVALIERS.

(JANUARY, 1863.)

"But our chief strength was our cavalry, those mounted gladiators, whose prowess reached in all directions, whose artful reconnoisances taught us daily concerning the movements of the enemy."

SALLUST.

As the wars of ancient Rome, renowned as they are in story and in song, will bear no just comparison, for magnitude and grandeur, with the current revolution; so the achievements of the Roman Cavalry, however daring in character and valuable in result, were manifestly far inferior to the services of our mounted men in the present campaign. "They have stormed and taken batteries. They have invested and carried fortified camps and towns. They have charged solid columns of infantry, and scattered them like spray." They have successfully assailed the bristling stockade, captured the well-freighted steamer, and sent the iron clad gunboat to the bottom. They have burned down bridges, torn up railroads, demolished trestle and tunnel, piled engine and car in promiscuous ruin, talked freely with the enemy hundreds of miles away, made him reveal his most important secrets through his own telegraphic apparatus, and done many other things that the "mounted gladiators" of Rome never dreamed of.

I propose to devote this PAPER to the brilliant exploits of our western cavaliers. Their prisoners are numbered by thousands. Their trophies amount to millions of dollars. Their achievements will furnish an interesting chapter in the history of this great revolution.

Who has not heard of Forrest's magnificent dash upon Murfreesboro last summer, when, "with a compact column, he penetrated the enemy's country over a hundred miles in advance of our position, assailed and carried a fortified and garrisoned city, captured nineteen hundred prisoners, and brought away two million dollars' worth of spoils!" But this splendid feat was completely eclipsed by his recent exploits in the Western District, where he took eight towns, killed a thousand Yankees, paroled fifteen hundred prisoners, destroyed an immense amount of army supplies, and tore up every railroad north of Jackson, with a loss of only twenty-eight men, and only eight of them killed.

So far, this was one of the most successful expeditions of the war. The sequel, however, was somewhat serious, and had like to have been disastrous.

After these achievements, he set forth to return to Middle Tennessee. At Parker's Cross Roads he met seven full Federal regiments, who raised the white flag in token of surrender. The Huntsville Advocate thus describes what follows:

"He approached to receive their arms, when another heavy column of ten regiments came on his flank and rear and began to fire on his men, and the portion who had raised the white flag treacherously joined in the firing. The gallant Forrest and his brave men returned the fire vigorously. They had only ten rounds of ammu-

nition, fired six rounds, and then fought their way out, with a loss of five hundred, killed, wounded and missing. The killed are estimated at about fifty, the wounded at one hundred and fifty to two hundred—the rest are prisoners. The wounded also fell into the hands of the enemy.

"It is said that in fighting their way out our brave troops massed themselves in solid column and charged the enemy's column that had come upon their rear. The cool and intrepid Forrest remained in their rear to collect his scattered men and bring them out, and the enemy closed up their column after the most of Forrest's men had passed through, and came very near catching him. He escaped by riding at full speed along a ravine and leaping his horse over a ten rail fence. One who witnessed his escape said that the last he saw of Forrest he was flying over the fence, lying flat on his horse, and hundreds of bullets flying after him. One bullet passed through his hat. Strange to say, not one man was lost in fighting their way out."

This desperate struggle occurred on the thirty-first of December, while Bragg was chastising Rosecrans before Murfreesboro, and Wheeler and Wharton were achieving such gallant deeds in his rear. The enemy, eight thousand strong, followed our hero to the Tennessee; and he fought them with his artillery across the river, and forced them to retire. He entered the Western District with thirty-five hundred men, and returned with three thousand, having lost five hundred.

Morgan's late Kentucky expedition was worthy of his fame. The Winchester Bulletin gives a clear and connected account of his operations:

"General Morgan left Murfreesboro' on the 21st of December, with four hundred men—passed through Alexandria—crossed the Cumberland at Hardee's Ford, and proceeded to Glasgow, where a small advance sent forward encountered the advance of the 2d Michigan cavalry—when a short but spirited engagement ensued, in which Captain Jones was mortally wounded—Lieut. Patton and

Sergeant Webb, severely. Captain Newton, while in the manly discharge of his duties, was taken prisoner and held three hours; and, after a desperate struggle with his captors, made his escape. Reinforcements arrived, and the Yankee cavalry, panic stricken, fled.

"The command then took a line of march to Nolin, burnt the bridge at Bacon Creek, tore up several miles of railroad, destroyed the telegraph poles and wires, captured several wagons heavily loaded with government stores, all of which were destroyed. We then moved on to Elizabethtown, which place was defended by eight hundred men, who, upon being asked to surrender, replied that the United States troops knew no surrender. General Morgan then gave the women and children timely notice to leave—ordered Smith's, Palmer's, Corbett's and White's batteries to be placed on an eminence commanding a fine view of the town; and, after a few well directed shots, the white flag made its appearance, and an unconditional surrender was agreed upon. At this place eight hundred prisoners were taken and paroled; also a large amount of stores, guns, and ammunition, destroyed."

Part of the prisoners were the Seventy-first Indiana Regiment. They had been captured by Kirby Smith at the battle of Richmond, on the thirtieth of August last; had been but recently exchanged, and started from Indianapolis only on Christmas Eve. Taken the second time, and almost without a struggle, both officers and privates seemed exceedingly mortified. They dreaded the stigma of cowardice, and desired their captors to furnish them some certificate that should place them right on the records at home. The account proceeds:

"The command then marched up to Muldrough's Hill, where two of the most important trestles on the road were destroyed—one being seven hundred feet in length and a hundred and twenty-five feet high, and the other five hundred feet in length and ninety feet high. These bridges were strongly stockaded, and a stout resistance was offered by the enemy; but shot and shell, well directed, fell in their midst with such telling effect that they were soon com-

pelled to stack their arms. At these two points four hundred were taken prisoners, and a fine lot of Enfield rifles, ammunition, stores, &c., were captured. Where we captured arms superior to ours, we hand over our guns and take those captured.

"The burning of these magnificent structures, whose strength seemed to defy the flames, was a scene of grandeur unsurpassed. As the burning element mounted up the high frame-work, lighting up a beautiful star-light sky, for miles the line of road seemed in one lurid blaze; while a thousand hammers and sledges could be heard, with the tearing up of railroad iron, the burning of cross-ties, the cutting of telegraph poles, the blowing up of abutments, &c. The trestles were a long time burning, as if determined to retain forever their beauty and strength; but they yielded at last to the devouring flames, and fell from their dizzy heights in smoking ruins.

"Ellsworth, the skillful telegraph operator, had been amusing himself by conversing with operators at different points on the road. General Morgan, taking advantage of the opportunity so favorably presented, wished to be remembered to Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., and informed him he had commenced the arduous duties assigned him, and was already superintending that road, and hoped his diligence and experience would warrant a continuance of employment in that capacity, but suggested that his visit over the road and his careful inspection would preclude the necessity of another trip in six months.

"Our line of march was continued up the Rolling Fork, and in the direction of Bardstown. While effecting a crossing at Rolling Fork, our rear was attacked by a large force of the enemy, supported by cannon. A spirited engagement ensued, in which Colonel Duke, whose name is already known in the present war, was badly wounded by the bursting of the enemy's shell. He was, however, taken from the field and carefully conveyed in an ambulance to his friends. His wound, it is feared, will preclude the possibility of his taking the field for several weeks.

"We arrived at Bardstown, and, after spending one night, marched down the Bardstown and Springfield Pike. Arriving at Springfield we ascertained that at Lebanon, nine miles distant, the enemy had concentrated a force, amounting to fifteen thousand, together with a large body of cavalry, who were posted at every point and disputed our path in every direction. They made their boasts that General Morgan had made his last trip into Kentucky, and indeed it appeared,

in my humble judgment, to be the case, for it was the darkest hour we had seen; but through the skill and coolness of our brave leader, who planned and executed a flank movement, we left Lebanon thirty miles in the rear, marched seven miles in sight of the enemy's camp fires, and arrived at Campbellsville before they were apprised of our leaving Springfield. This was a masterly movement of General Morgan's, and reflects great credit on him as a leader of brave men. From Campbellsville to Burksville an interrupted line of march was effected, and the command reached Smithville after a march of fifteen days.

"Our loss in killed and wounded will not exceed twenty, while that of the enemy cannot be less than three hundred killed and wounded, besides about a thousand prisoners.

"Great credit is due the officers and men, who, on every occasion, behaved gallantly, executing their commands promptly, giving the world another evidence that General Morgan is a daring and skillful leader, and his men invincible.

"As our command was moving from Lebanon, General Hallesy, with two members of his staff, charged upon three men in the rear, when a fight occurred in the middle of the creek, in which Hallesy was killed, and the officers with him captured. Hallesy was shot through the head while he and his antagonist were clenched. This Federal General was the most odious man in Kentucky, and had persecuted our friends beyond endurance.

"While at Elizabethtown a detachment was sent to Shepherdsville, eighteen miles from Louisville, where they burned the town. At Bardstown we captured three hundred prisoners."

During this pleasant trip through his native State, Morgan killed and wounded seven hundred of the enemy, captured and paroled two thousand, and destroyed an immense amount of arms, ammunition, commissary stores, and other Federal property.

While Morgan was turning Kentucky upside down, Van Dorn was executing his marvelous *coup de guerre* at Holly Springs, in Northern Mississippi. A letter writer has furnished the following interesting narrative:

"General Van Dorn started from this point thirteen days since, having first supplied his cavalry command of 2,700 men with fifteen days' rations to support and satisfy the inner man, and a bottle of turpentine and box of matches each, to enable them more perfectly to carry out their work of destruction upon Abolition property. Striking out northeast, the command passed through Pontotoc, and, having no time to devote to the Yankee marauders who were at the time south of them, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, having much more important work on hand, Van Dorn's forces marched on through New Albany and started on the Ripley road, in order to perfectly deceive the enemy.

"Two hours after the force passed through Pontotoc, 1,100 Yankee cavalry, which had been on a raid down the Mobile and Ohio Road, returned with a train heavily laden with the plunder they had stolen. They were informed that Van Dorn had only passed an hour before with 15,000 troops. Taking a few minutes time to destroy their train, they took the shortest route for Corinth, and left on fear-impelling wings. Mean time, Van Dorn left the Ripley road to the left, and took a by-way and meandering route through the swamp, and came within eight miles of Holly Springs in the evening, where he bivouacked his force until two hours before day, when he moved cautiously into town, leaving the Texas brigade upon the heights outside as a reserve. As our forces dashed in from all sides, the entrance proved a complete surprise, the breaking streaks of daylight showing the Yankee tents with their yet undisturbed slumberers. A charge was ordered upon them, and the torch applied to the canvas which covered them.

"The rapidity with which the tents of the enemy were vacated was marvellous; and impelled by burning torches and rapid discharges of side-arms, the Yankees took no time to prepare their toilets, but rushed out into the cool air of a December morning clothed very similar to Joseph when the lady Potiphar attempted to detain him. The scene was wild, exciting, tumultuous. Yankees running, tents burning, torches flaming, Confederates shouting, guns popping, sabres clanking, Abolitionists begging for mercy, 'rebels' shouting exultingly, women *en dishabille* clapping their hands, frantic with joy, crying, 'kill them, kill them'—a heterogeneous mass of excited, frantic, frightened human beings, presenting an indescribable picture, more adapted for the pencil of Hogarth than the pen of a newspaper correspondent.

"The surprised camp surrendered 1800 men and 150 commissioned officers, who were immediately paroled. And then commenced the work of destruction. The extensive building of the Mississippi Central depot, the station house, the engine houses, and immense storehouses were filled with supplies of clothing and commissary stores. Outside of the depot the barrels of flour, estimated at half a mile in length, one hundred and fifty feet through and fifteen feet high. Turpentine was thrown over this, and the whole amount destroyed. Up town the court house and public buildings, livery stables, and all capacious establishments, were filled, ceiling high, with medical and ordnance stores. These were all fired, and the explosion of one of the buildings, in which were stored one hundred barrels of powder, knocked down nearly all the houses on the south side of the square. Surely such a scene of devastation was never before presented to the eyes of man. Glance at the gigantic estimates:

"1,800,000 fixed cartridges and other ordnance stores, valued at $500,000, including five thousand rifles and two thousand revolvers.

"One hundred thousand suits of clothing, and other quartermaster's stores, valued at $500,000.

"Five thousand barrels of flour and a quantity of other commissary stores, valued at $500,000.

"One million dollars worth of medical stores, for which invoices to that amount were exhibited.

"One thousand bales of cotton, and six hundred thousand dollars worth of commissary stores.

"As there was no time to remove these immense stores from the building containing them, they were destroyed, comprising the Mississippi Central depot, engine houses and storehouses, the most elegant and capacious in the South, the court house, livery stable, and the largest buildings on the public square.

"While the capture of the camp, parolling of the prisoners, and destroying of the stores, were going on, the Texas Rangers, comprising the 3d, 5th and 9th legions, became engaged with the Michigan Cavalry, and drove them pell-mell through the town, and ran them off north, with a considerable loss to the Abolitionists, and thirty killed and wounded on our side.

"The ladies rushed out from the houses, wild with joy, crying out, 'There's some at the Fair Grounds. Chase them, kill them, for God's sake!' One lady said: 'The Yankee Commandant of the

Post is in my house; come and catch him.' And a search was instituted, but without success; when the noble woman insisted that he was there, concealed: and finally, after much ado, the gallant Col. Murphy, the intrepid Yankee Commandant of Holly Springs, was pulled out from under his bed, and presented himself in his nocturnal habiliments to his captors.

"The Provost Marshal was also taken, and addressing General Van Dorn, said: 'Well, General, you've got us fairly this time. I knowed it. I was in bed with my wife when I heard the firing, and I at once said, Well, wife, it's no use closing our eyes, or hiding under the cover; we've gone up.'

"Our attention was given to Grant's headquarters, which he had left twenty four hours before. All his papers, charts, maps, etc., were captured, together with his splendid carriage, which was burned. Among his papers was found a pass, to pass the bearer over all railroads and steamboats in the United States at Government expense, and to pass all pickets and guards; and other papers, at once interesting and valuable. Mrs. Grant was also captured, but no indignity was offered to her.

"Nearly every store on the public square was filled with sutler's stores, and after our men had helped themselves, the balance of the goods was burned.

"When our forces reached the depot, there was a train about leaving. The engineer jumped off and ran away, and one of our men took his place, shut the throttle-valve, and stopped the train. Sixty cars and two locomotives were then fired and destroyed."

The footing up is glorious:—more than twenty-three hundred prisoners paroled, over three million dollars' worth of Federal stores destroyed, and five hundred horses and mules taken, with a vast amount of other property.

And now let us trace the victorious path of Wheeler, in his several successive *detours* during the late battle of Murfreesboro; which spread consternation throughout the Yankee hosts, and electrified the whole South with patriotic delight. Educated

at West Point, constitutionally energetic and enthusiastic, exceedingly fond of military adventure, ardently devoted to the cause of Southern independence, blending a lofty ambition with a magnanimous patriotism, and as void of fear as he is of selfishness, he seems made for the emergencies of a revolution like ours; and though the youngest Brigadier General in the Confederate service, he is already rivaling Forrest and Morgan in the rapidity and splendor of his deeds. The following vivid picture would do no dishonor to the author of Salathiel:

"All day on Monday, the 29th December, General Wheeler's cavalry were slowly dropping back before the insolent advance of overwhelming numbers. All that day the men of Bragg's army in serried ranks awaited the long expected but now imminent hour.. At nightfall the long ranks of horsemen filed slowly to their position on the army's flanks, and after a time the glare of the hostile camps extended wide and far in our front At midnight, after a few hour's rest, the word 'Forward!' was given, the little Brigadier was in the saddle, and around him were gathered his regimental and battalion commanders, his well-chosen, well-tried staff. It was dark, but in the flashing eyes of those few determined men shone the true and tender light of patriot devotion. A cold, drizzly rain fell, but nothing could damp the ardor that beat in those valiant and trusty hearts

"Then it was resolved to boldly attack the rear of that mighty Yankee horde, that seemed only to await the dawn for a rude onset against our rights, our homes, and our kindred. 'To-morrow,' said the little hero, 'as his lines move so vaingloriously forward, his heart shall quake with fear to hear that his trains are burning, his supplies cut off, and thousands of Southern cavalry hovering in his rear like birds of prey.' On, on—what heed in such a cause be given to cold and hunger and fatigue. Daylight finds him below Jefferson. A little breathing spell is given, for this is the fifth day those men have been doing work—four days already have they been making history.

"What white line in the distance? Yankee wagons. For-

ward! cautiously, men, cautiously; close up quickly, but without noise! A shot—a volley—a yell—and like the wolf on the fold, the men of the South hurl themselves on the invader. Soon a shuddering, shrinking group of prisoners are mounted on the captured mules; and with the light of fifty blazing wagons to signal the first accomplishment of a glorious design, the line moves on. Past cedar glades and wild inland copses; past rising streams and over hills and fields, the cavalcade moves on. Lavergne! once sweet village of the plain, but now almost a desert wild, with its blackened homesteads, and the eloquent silence of the few inhabitants which the monster of invasion has spared—Lavergne is before us! Three columns quickly deploy, and at the word, three eager, daring and unbroken lines pounce on the unsuspecting foe. Again the weapons are dropped, the hands held up imploringly, and pale, affrighted faces seem to expect a righteous doom General Wheeler and his staff approach. Colonel Hawkins, in a solemn and touching manner, administers the parole, and others quickly take the registry of names. The evening gathers, but its shades are powerless; two hundred wagons laden richly, almost with wealth of argosies from foreign strands, light the horizon with a ruddy glow. Burn and brighten cheerily, O Christmas fires of Freedom! Whose fine trunks are these? McCook's Pile on the blazing brands. Work hard, boys. Cut the spokes; unhitch the mules; mount, Yankees, and away. More miles of cedar thicket; more pallid, tearful faces at the wayside casements, doubtful whether we be friend or foe. Ah, those coats of brown and gray! The white handkerchiefs wave; the dainty hands throw kisses warm with love and trust to us in that bleak December air. Still on to Nolensville; more deserted homes; more timid, cowering foemen. 'Fall in prisoners, in two ranks!' More paroles, more wagons, more mules, more Yankees distraught at such wanton destruction of property. Night falls; Wheeler and his gallant troopers have gone the grand rounds for old Rosecrans; may he sleep easy. Two days after to Lavergne again Wheeler, as ever, in the van The long reach of pike is like a wide sheet of flames. How eagerly they lick in the fresh New Year's air. Blaze after blaze, till it seems as if Fate has written there a sentence of fire, punctuated every few rods by a dead Yankee Yes, Fate! Ye inglorious dead, ye can no more do dishonor. Day by day, before arms strong with hate and scorn, your vile brood lessens. And so let it be, till in every Northern

home the love-lights are put out by scalding tears of grief and shame.

"Our loss in numbers is trifling; but a few have suffered. Allen is wounded; M'Caw is down to rise no more; Patterson reels a bleeding corpse from his horse, his grey hairs to be a laugh and a jest to those infuriated fiends; Prentice turns sick with pain from his place in front; Wailes moans, 'my friend, I am wounded;' Ledyard falls.

"But the work is done, and even from cannon's mouth and musket's blazing throat no heavier blow has come than fell when Wheeler's brave brigade, with clattering hoof and clanging swords, traced in lines of flame and gore another page in our country's history. It reads like a vision of the Orient, like a wild fancy of some lone dreamer's brain; yet this and more took place in those few recent days, when our tried and true went up to victory."

In the execution of these amazing feats, our "mounted gladiators" left many a gallant comrade behind them. They seem, however, to have made a mere holiday amusement of the business, killing and consuming less in malice than in mirth. "The Yankee pickets," says one of them, "had promised us a Christmas ball; Bragg was now giving them the music, and we were dancing to Wheeler's Quick-step."

They took at least nine hundred prisoners, destroyed three hundred and fifty wagons, captured and stampeded two thousand and one hundred mules and horses, relieved Mr. Lincoln of something more than a million dollars' worth of property, and devoured McCook's new year's turkey in his tent.

On the twenty-ninth and thirtieth Wheeler and Wharton seem to have kept company and acted in concert. On the thirty-first their commands were separated; whether by mistake or by design is not apparent. Wharton, however, pushed vigorously

on to the enemy's rear, took a hundred and fifty prisoners, drove off four hundred mules, and applied the torch to a hundred loaded wagons. One of the vehicles contained the valuables of the chief paymaster; to-wit, the accounts and vouchers of the army, and a million of Federal greenbacks, for settling with Lincoln's "hired help." This required no turpentine, and a single match was sufficient to produce a most frightful billious inflammation. Another, filled with ammunition, being fired, was drawn off by four affrighted mules, in full jump, toward the Yankee lines. Flames spreading, shells exploding, animals plunging and kicking, blue coats getting out of the way with all convenient speed, constituted a somewhat amusing spectacle, well adapted to give a person of lively imagination a tolerably accurate idea of what many have heard of, but no one has seen—"hell in harness."

Wharton afterward made four successive charges upon a stockade, in which a large force of the enemy had ensconced themselves; but night coming on, obliged him to desist before he had accomplished its reduction; when he mounted his prisoners upon his captured mules, and returned in triumph to his camp. The next day he took part in that desperate charge in which the brave Hanson fell, and the blood of Texas mingled with that of Kentucky. His brigade, numbering two thousand, sustained a loss of three hundred killed and wounded, of whom sixty-three belonged to the Rangers.

After resting his jaded horses and recruiting his exhausted troopers a few days at Beech Grove,

Wheeler set forth again for parts unknown. On the fifteenth of January he reached the Cumberland River opposite the famous Harpeth Shoals, and there awaited the development of events. Soon came a fleet of four steamers, convoyed by two small gunboats. General Wheeler immediately disposed his force for action. From a formidable bluff he opened his batteries upon the startled flotilla. The commandant now made his appearance on the deck of one of the gunboats, frantically waving a white handkerchief. The other gunboat escaped, while this was burned, with three of the transports, and their cargoes, consisting of supplies for Rosecrans. The remaining transport, after the destruction of its contents, was bonded for the transportation of the four hundred prisoners taken, who were promptly paroled and sent down the river. Our indomitable chieftain then swam the Cumberland, swollen by the recent rains, attacked a huge wagon-train, overpowered the guard, and destroyed an immense quantity of provisions destined for Nashville. This brilliant *coup de guerre* sent a ray of sunshine into a thousand desolate homes, revived the hopes of a thousand desponding hearts, and added another diamond to the young victor's coronel. Who will henceforth disparage the valor of OUR WESTERN CAVALIERS?

X.

THE OPEN SEPULCHER.

(JANUARY, 1863.)

"Their throat is an open sepulcher; * * * * the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." ST. PAUL.

DAVID exclaims, in one of the psalms, "Woe is me, that I dwell in Mesech, that I sojourn in the tents of Kedar." Mesech was the son of Jephtha, whose progeny peopled the dreary regions of northern Asia; and Kedar was the son of Ishmael, whose descendants, then as now, wandered without a settled home through the wild solitudes of Arabia Deserta. Literally, David neither dwelt with the former, nor sojourned with the latter; but, as his melancholy complaint implies, he was surrounded with men whose manners were as distasteful to him as those of the barbarous Moschi or the brutal Kedarines. Driven out from the presence of King Saul; chased from house and hold by the royal army; watched by a host of spies and informers, who sought the favor of a wicked monarch by the betrayal of the innocent blood; obliged to cast himself upon the patronage of a heathen prince, and consort with an idolatrous and degraded people; while his own adherents consisted chiefly of outlaws and desperadoes,

who resorted to him in their extremity; his environments in court and camp were not more revolting to his taste, than the moral practices of his associates were shocking to his piety. And as the soul of righteous Lot was vexed from day to day with the filthy conversation of the men of Sodom; and as the prophet Jeremiah wept day and night for the apostacy and consequent captivity of his Hebrew brethren; so the Lord's anointed deplored, in most pathetic strains, the profligacy and impiety, of which, in his long and weary exile, he was constantly the unwilling witness, as he sings mournfully in another of the psalms: "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved: rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law."

What pure and pious heart can be happy amid the guilty license of those who fear not God neither regard man? And what Christian, that has spent some time in the army, and seen the wanton wickedness of our soldiery, has not felt like uttering the lamentation of David? "Woe is me, that I dwell in Mesich, that I sojourn in the tents of Kedar!"

The astute author of Lacon says: "Men, by associating in large masses, as in camps and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues; and strengthen their minds, while they weaken their morals; and thus a retrocession in the one is too often the price they pay for a refinement in the other." As far as this elegant antithesis applies to the camp, the mental improvement is, to say the least, a matter of doubt; but concerning the moral deterioration, I think, there can be no controversy.

War, indeed, is proverbially demoralizing. As Burke says, it "suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated." There is much in the scenes and associations of the camp and the field, to harden the heart, and lead the soul astray. The soldier is exiled from the house of God, and in a great measure deprived of his blessed Sabbath. Many regiments are without chaplains, many knapsacks without Bibles. The young man, before his virtuous habits and principles are fully established, is far removed from the conservative influences of home, and exposed to new and strange temptations. Sinners entice him, and he too often consents. The contagion of bad example is fatal to the health of the soul. If

> "One sickly sheep infects the flock,
> And poisons all the rest,"

what is to be expected in such an assemblage of corrupt and corrupting influences, where vice spreads with the celerity of pestilence and more than the fatality of plague!

Now, of all the evil practices of the army, none is more common than the use of profane language. A custom, this, of well-nigh universal prevalence. It is astonishing, how soon a young man learns to swear. Many who at home never uttered an irreverent expression, now seldom speak without an oath. Some love to display their genius in the invention of new and startling forms of blasphemy. It seems to be considered manly, heroic, almost virtuous, to insult Almighty God to his face, and grieve the hearts

of those who revere his name. And the saddest thing of all is, that the officers should set so pernicious an example to the soldiers; that men of intelligence and refinement should indulge habitually in so disgusting and degrading a vice; that those who stickle for the merest punctilios of military rule and order, should wholly disregard the third item in the "Articles of War," which makes any profane oath or execration punishable with public and severe reprimand, imprisonment, and fine, at the hands of a court-martial. But alas! there are even of our Captains, Colonels, and Generals in command—and I fear they are by far the greater number—who are sadly addicted to this "superfluity of naughtiness."

Before my connection with the service, I never imagined that men could make themselves so vile. Among the gallant defenders of our homes and liberties, I have heard more cursing and swearing in twenty-four hours, than in all my life before. In camp, throughout the day, my ears are painfully shocked with the most dreadful forms of profanity; and often, amid the silence of the night, those frightful utterances come floating through my brain, like voices of fiends borne on chance blasts from hell. The air, indeed, is so filled with profanity, that it seems to swear without a tongue. The sound of blasphemy haunts me everywhere; disturbs my rest; pollutes my dreams; desecrates my devotions; intrudes upon my holiest solitudes; mingles with the gracious words which fell from the lips of my Redeemer; and odious as it is to me—and I solemnly aver that there is no other vice so revolting—I

sometimes fear that I shall learn the loathsome practice myself!

What is more offensive than "an open sepulcher"? what more ghastly than its grinning skeleton, or more noisome than the effluvia which it exhales? Yet to such an object the apostle compares the throats of wicked men, their lips to the fangs of a deadly serpent; and adds, "whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." And if our moral sense were properly quickened and corrected, we should all regard profane swearing with something of apostolical abhorrence.

Would that I could cure this desperate disease! Would that I could reform every profane tongue in the Confederate Army! "Who will rise up for me against the evil-doers? or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?" I have a specific to offer; but in morals, as in medicine, the best remedies are often unavailing from the negligence or the resistance of the patient. Rebuke, remonstrance, the most cogent arguments, and the most solemn dissuasives, are all useless, without the ear and the heart of those who are most deeply concerned in the matter. Hoping that some of our soldiers may read these pages, I proceed to offer several considerations against the vice in question; which I trust will be received as kindly as they are recorded, and pondered with a seriousness worthy of their importance.

I. Profane swearing is a senseless habit.

In reply to my reproofs, it is often said: "O, I mean nothing by it!" Now, this is precisely the objection which I urge against the practice; it means

nothing. Shall a man of sense utter words without meaning? King Solomon saith, "The lips of the wise disperse knowledge, but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness." Again, it is written, "The heart of the righteous studieth to answer, but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things." These passages mean, that the wise, the righteous, speak prudently and profitably, exhibiting in their discourse both sound sense and a good heart; but the foolish, the wicked, talk rashly and recklessly, spewing out their folly like a flood, and vomiting forth the evil that is in them like an avalanche. The profane swearer is like the bell in the steeple, which is void of brains, but has a huge tongue, and makes a great noise. Such a habit most strongly indicates a want of sense; and I cannot see how anything but the want of sense can reconcile any man to the habit.

II. It is as useless as it is senseless.

He who indulges in it is certainly no utilitarian. He never asks the question, in reference to this practice, which most men ask in reference to all their undertakings—*Cui bono?* Other vices may afford either gain or gratification; but what gain or gratification can result from oaths and curses? Do they meet any want of a man's nature? Do they respond to any desire of his heart? Do they improve his credit, enlarge his business, or augment his store? Do they win the applause, or attract the confidence of his kind? Do they elevate his character with others, or increase his respect for himself? Will his neighbors believe him the sooner for swearing to all he says? Will they give him any place of trust or

honor because he is an adept in the language of impiety? Is habitual cursing usually regarded as a mark of superior intelligence and refinement, of courage, of magnanimity, or of any other excellent quality? What good purpose does it answer? Were it not well for every man who is addicted to this habit, always, before uttering a profane expression, to pause and ask himself the Yankee question, "Will it pay?"

III. It is no less discourteous than useless.

The man of true courtesy will do nothing unnecessarily, that is likely to inflict pain upon others. He would rather forego his own reasonable gratification, than offend the taste or wound the feelings of his neighbor. Who would use a father's name with contemptuous levity or disrespect in the presence of his son? and will the true gentleman treat irreverently the blessed name of God in the hearing of his children? The pious hold the Divine name in great veneration, and nothing grieves them more than to hear it recklessly profaned. "There is that speaketh," saith Solomon, "like the piercing of a sword;" and often, though I have given no expression to my feelings, hath the iron entered into my own soul. He that utters a wicked oath in my presence wantonly insults me, for he trifles with the name of my Father, and tramples upon my feelings as a Christian. Nay, setting aside all consideration of religion, profane language must be extremely distasteful to a person of refined and cultivated sensibilities, and he who employs it in the hearing of such a person commits an egregious breach of courtesy.

I was lately traveling on the railway, when a young officer entered the car both smoking and swearing. I said to him mildly, "Captain, would you not dispense with your segar, if you knew that it made some one present very sick?" "O, certainly, sir," he replied, "is my smoking offensive to you?" "No, sir," I answered, "but your swearing is." "I beg your pardon, sir," he exclaimed; "and I thank you for the reproof." He felt that he had been guilty of a discourtesy; and he sat down by my side, and discoursed with me an hour without an oath. Many, who are too polite to puff tobacco smoke in a gentleman's face, think nothing of pouring the dissonances of hell into a Christian's ears. I dislike tobacco smoke; but I would rather breathe tobacco smoke as dense and foul as a London fog, than have my soul suffocated with these fumes of the bottomless pit. Some may protest against the charge of discourtesy, and in other respects they may be the politest of men; but just so far as they indulge in a habit so shocking to many and so distasteful to more, just so far they come short of being perfect gentlemen.

IV. It is indecent as well as discourteous.

Even those who practice it must admit this proposition. They do tacitly admit it, by bridling their tongues in the presence of ladies and superiors. Why should they refrain, unless they deem the practice indecent? Indecent it certainly is, as all good men bear witness, and the most profane are obliged to acknowledge. One whom I reproved the other day, pronounced it "a foolish habit, and a

mighty ugly one." It is, indeed, "a mighty ugly one," and all its features proclaim its satanic fatherhood. Vices there are, which, for their grossly sensual character, are properly called bestial; but no beast ever uttered a profane oath, or execration of its kind, or blasphemy against its Maker. There is only one recorded instance, well authenticated, of a brute "speaking with man's voice;" and he, though he had much greater provocation than most profane swearers, was not ass enough to curse Baalam. He "forbade the madness of the prophet," but he did not swear.

If a man may be judged of by his associations, so may a vice. Apply this test to the vice in question. What company does it keep? That of the most ignorant and degraded, of the most dissolute and abandoned. They are its chief patrons and panders, and it is always most at home in such society. What are its familiar haunts? The bar-room and the brothel, the gamblers' saloon and the public race-course. There it is most at home. There it breathes freely and flourishes luxuriantly. It mutters sullenly in the felon's dungeon, raves fiercely in the maniac's grated cell, and riots triumphantly in the vilest dens of guilt and shame.

Other vices may require money, or beauty, or knowledge, or genius, or generosity, or contempt of danger, or indifference to suffering, or a reputation for probity and honor, or the influence of superior social position. This is a very cheap vice, practised successfully without any of these advantages and facilities, needing nothing but a shallow brain, a

vulgar taste, a wicked heart, a brazen brow, a filthy tongue, the parrot's faculty of imitation, and just memory enough to retain the most odious and impious expressions ever gleaned from the filthy purlieus of human depravity. It is essentially coarse and undignified; and he who is addicted to it displays a sad poverty of intellect, a deplorable want of true refinement, and an utter destitution of moral sensibility.

V. Its impiety is greater than its indecency.

It consists chiefly in a familiar use of the sacred names and titles of God, and a presumptuous trifling with his august perfections and prerogatives. The simplest description of such an act is sufficient proof of its impiety. The first petition taught us by Our Lord in that admirable prayer is, "Hallowed be thy name." The cherubim cover their faces with their wings and fall prostrate in the presence of the Divine glory; and the seraphim tremble while they cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of hosts!" The purest and greatest of men have ever spoken reverently of the Supreme, and the wise and virtuous have never trifled with his honor. It is said of Sir Isaac Newton, that he always made a solemn pause before uttering that awful name; and of Charles Lamb, that he was accustomed to remove his hat whenever he heard it pronounced. The Jews would not tread upon a piece of writing, lest it might chance to contain the name of God; one of his names they deemed too sacred to be uttered by human lips; and their law adjudged the blasphemer to death by public stoning. The Romish priests always take off the cap when they pronounce the

name of Jesus in their sermons; and in the Episcopal Church, the whole congregation are accustomed to bow wherever it occurs in the litany. But O, how many swear lightly by that blessed name, which is above every name, which reminds us of Olivet and Calvary, on which we depend for our redemption from death and hell! Many a soldier, who would not trifle with the name of his general in command, will trample in the dust the honor of the Captain of his salvation. In short, men treat the Great God with far less of reverence than they treat their fellow worms. They rush where angels fear to stand, and vomit their vocal insolence and contempt upon the very footstool of the Almighty's throne!

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain"—is one of the prohibitions thundered from the flaming top of Sinai, and written with the finger of God upon the tables of stone. "Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King; nor by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black"—is one of the solemn admonitions uttered by the lips of Redeeming Love, when in the likeness of sinful flesh he tabernacled and dwelt among us. Can these Divine teachings be disregarded with impunity? Jehovah is jealous of his honor, and will not brook the insolence of the worm. "Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed."

And is there no impiety in the perversion of a

noble faculty? Speech is one of the chief distinctions of the man from the brute. Through all the animal tribes, complete organs of speech have been found only in connection with the rational soul. It is a glorious thing, peculiar to the human species, to be able to communicate thought and feeling by articulate sounds. And what was the design of this grand endowment? The dishonor of its Author, and the grief of the wise and good? Shall so sublime a faculty be so miserably degraded? And has not the tongue, with the whole body, been redeemed with the precious blood of Christ? Doubly its Creator's by redemption, shall it not be devoted to his praise? And is it not destined, in the blessed world to come, to blend with the tongues of cherubim and seraphim, and swell the many-voiced harmony around the throne of God and the Lamb? And yet there are who say, "With our mouth have we prevailed; our lips are our own; who is lord over us?" They pervert one of the chief endowments of nature to the dishonor of God and the destruction of human souls.

The language of the profane swearer, what is it but the very vernacular of hell? It is not the language of Heaven; there is no cursing there, but all are perpetually employed in blessing and praise. It is not properly the language of earth; God never contemplated it in the provisions of nature, and tribes there are who have no words in their vocabulary of an impious or irreverent character. Nay, it is the native and habitual language of hell; for there every mouth is full of execration, and impre-

cation, and blasphemy. It is the attempt of lost spirits to transform men into demons, and convert our terrestial abode into the counterpart of their own terrible home. It is hell transferred to earth. The wise monarch saith that "in the lips of an ungodly man there is as it were the burning of a fire;" and St. James tells us that "the tongue is a fire," that it "setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell." I may say, then, to the profane swearer, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." He speaks the dialect of demons. His language proclaims his country and his kindred. He is practising for his future association and employment. In hell he shall have cursing enough for evermore.

VI. This is of all vices the least excusable.

What can a man plead in apology or extenuation? The thoughtlessness of the practice? Thoughtlessness itself is a crime, and rather augments than justifies or palliates the crime that it causes. God has given us the power of thought, and no man can be guiltless in the neglect of its exercise.

What will the profane swearer plead? The popularity of the custom? Its popularity is no mitigation of its guilt. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." If others do wrong, there is the greater necessity that we should do right. Nor shall we escape punishment by being with the many. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." The crowd are in the broad way to destruction. The additional fuel will only augment the flame.

What will the offender plead? His ignorance of

its enormity? But who can be so blind as not to see the sinfulness of such a habit? Who can confound the grape-vine and the fig-tree with the thorn and the thistle, or believe that the foul and turbid stream proceeds from a pure and transparent fountain? "Many crimes," says Doctor Jeter, "are the excess of innocent dispositions and lawful indulgences; we pass imperceptibly from the right to the wrong; and the most descriminating casuist may not be able to decide at what point the one ends and the other begins." But this certainly does not apply to profane language. In regard to this, the prohibition is plain and unmistakable. The swearer sins knowingly, wilfully, defiantly. "There is no fear of God before his eyes."

What, then, will he plead? The difficulty of reformation? There is no insuperable difficulty. There is no real difficulty. The "can not" is a will not. If the soldier can restrain his tongue in the presence of his commanding officer, if the most inveterate swearer can suppress the oath in the company of a lady or a clergyman, why can he not do the same always and everywhere? There wants but the will, the resolution, the determined effort, in humble dependence upon that all-sufficient grace which is never sought in vain. I know a young man who was formerly very profane, but has reformed since he entered the army. If one can do it, why not another? why not all? Seneca says, "There is no evil propensity of the human heart so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline." And if Socrates conquered his intemperate and

libidinous habits by his philosophy, what may not we do by the grace of God?

But what will he plead? The power of temptation? What temptation is there? what profit to be gained? what pleasure to be enjoyed? what passion to be gratified? what possible good to be realized? An old divine says, "When the devil fishes for other sinners, he baits the hook with some earthly advantage, real or imaginary; but when he fishes for profane swearers, he throws them the naked hook, and the fools bite at that." "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" but the swearer leaps into the snare of the devil, and is led captive by him at his will. Satan usually puts on the angel's robe, and smiles with the angel's face, and speaks with the angel's tongue; but in this case he presents himself in all his native hideousness, and the swearer rushes into his father's arms. Generally he conceals the mouth of hell, and strews it over with flowers; but here he shows the open abyss, and the swearer plunges headlong into the flaming gulf. It is written, that "fools make a mock at sin;" and to whom does this apply more properly than to profane swearers? They treat sin as a very trivial matter, though "it is an evil and exceeding bitter thing." They roll it "as a sweet morsel under their tongues," though it hath in it the very wormwood and gall of the second death. They "are raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

For the want of a better apology, a profane man once replied to my reproof, "I would rather be a

swearer than a hypocrite." Some of my readers may find it difficult to credit the statement, that any sane man ever offered so shallow a vindication of his vicious habit. I solemnly assure them, however, that I knew such a case; and he was not only a sane man, but a shrewd man, a lawyer, a logician, and a military officer of high rank. So irrationally do wicked men reason, because their practices are wholly indefensible. If they had better arguments to offer, they would, no doubt, adduce them. "Rather be a swearer than a hypocrite?" Is there, then, any such alternative? Must a man be the one or the other? Are all persons hypocrites, who do not swear? Are none sincere but the profane? Is blasphemy the best proof of veracity? Would you rather trust "him that sweareth," than "him that feareth an oath?" Nay, verily. He that has no reverence for the Lawgiver, has no respect for the law. He that is constantly breaking one of God's commandments, would not scruple to violate any of the rest? Let interest or passion prompt him, without fear of punishment or unpopularity, and he will trample upon them all. I should expect the profane swearer to lie, and cheat, and steal, and rob, and kill, and commit all the abominations prohibited by the Decalogue, if he could do so without infamy in this world and anguish in the next. There is no rational apology for the practice.

VII. The vice must be ruinous in its tendency and results.

It is a well known truth, that the frequent repetition of an act renders it more and more facile, till

it comes at length to be performed without consciousness and without effort. This is the potent law of habit; and it applies equally to the action of muscle and of mind. In a course of vice it operates with tenfold power, because "man is very far gone from original righteousness, and of his own nature inclined to evil, and that continually." Every act of sin tends to its own repetition; and the oftener the repetition, the stronger the tendency. Repetition, thus produces habit; and habit forms character, and confirms it forever. "No one," says Juvenal, "ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice." The spark becomes a flame, and the flame rises and spreads till it envelopes and consumes the building. The rock starts slowly from the mountain top, but acquires velocity and power in its progress, till it leaps over all obstructions, or carries every thing in its course.

Such is the career of the profane swearer. The youthful amateur in this infernal art at first shudders at the sound of his own voice; but by little and little his conscience becomes seared, till he can curse without compunction and blaspheme without a tremor. And from dealing so lightly with things of the utmost sacredness and solemnity, all feeling of reverence for God and his Holy Word is lost.

"One sin another doth provoke;"

and perjury follows in the train of profanity; and all sorts of profligacy and crime find countenance and encouragement in the practice of a single vice. For vices, like virtues, grow in clusters, as certain serpents in South America congregate together, and build themselves into formidable pyramids.

"Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word;"

"the wicked is snared by the transgression of his own lips;" and thus the statement of St. James is verified, that "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." And the influence does not terminate upon the sinner himself; for "evil communications corrupt good manners;" and the sin spreads, with epidemical celerity, through the company and the regiment; more contagious than small pox, and more destructive than plague; not only "defiling the whole man," but polluting the whole camp, demoralizing the whole army, and charging the atmosphere everywhere with articulate blasts of hell!

Nor is this the end. "The fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are a snare to his soul." The profane breath kindles the unquenchable fire. "Because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." Every vain oath is noted in the book of doom. He who has so often challenged the Almighty Vengeance to the damnation of his own soul, shall meet with a terrible response to his imprecation when God ariseth to judgment; and he who has so impiously consigned others to the place of eternal torment, shall be associated there with the wretched objects of his execration, or shall see them admitted to the abodes of the blessed, while he sinks beneath the dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" How fearful are these words of the Psalmist! words of prophecy rather than of prayer: "As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him; as he clothed himself with

cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones; let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually." And so shall it be fulfilled in hell, where the impious breath shall blow the eternal flames, and the ear that once delighted in such horrid dissonances shall find no relief from the everlasting din

> "Of curses loud and blasphemous, that make
> The cheek of darkness pale!"

VIII. Finally,—Profanity is especially unbecoming in a Confederate soldier.

"Sin is a reproach to any people;" but to us more than to any other. We are engaged in a glorious campaign, fighting for the dearest rights of man, for our pleasant heritage, our personal liberty, our very lives, and lives more precious than our own, against the most infuriate, fanatical, unprincipled, diabolical flood of human filth and infidelity that the old dragon ever vomited forth upon a civilized country. "In the name of our God have we set up our banners," and in his good providence do we trust for the success of our arms. And shall we wantonly insult him whose aid we expect and implore? Shall we offend our Almighty Ally, till he becomes our enemy and fights against us?

It is not surprising that our invaders should curse and swear. They have drawn the sword in the service of Mammon, of Moloch, of Lucifer, of Beelzebub, and blasphemy beseems them best. Like Satan himself,

> "They come, of hellish malice full,
> To scatter, tear, and slay;"

and oaths and imprecations accord perfectly with their fiendish motives and aims. But we, who are engaged in a holy warfare of self-defence; we, who stand forth in the name of God to support the government we have organized; we, who rush to arms for the protection of our wives, daughters, sisters and mothers, from insult and outrage of the most brutal and diabolical character; we, who

> "Strike for our altars and our fires,
> Strike for the green graves of our sires,
> God and our native land;"

we ought, above all things, to refrain from a practice so incompatible with the cause we vindicate and the faith we cherish, a practice so offensive to Heaven and so fatal to ourselves.

Why is profane language in the army made punishable by an act of Congress? Why is the law incorporated in the Articles of War, as a solemn admonition to our officers and soldiers? Why do we all pledge ourselves, on entering the service, to conform to these rules, and profess to be governed by them in the camp and on the field of battle? And why did the Father of his Country remonstrate so earnestly against the introduction of profane swearing among our ancestors in arms, during their struggle to extricate themselves from the burden of the British yoke? Has all this no aim or meaning? A pious sense of dependence upon Jehovah, and a humble trust in his providential aid, underly these enactments and warnings and pledges. And how can we hope for the help of a God whom we neither fear nor love, and whose law we will not obey?

"Who hath hardened himself against him and prospered?"

"Because of swearing the land mourneth." Nothing else has discouraged me so much as the prevalence of this most abominable of all abominations. But when I have been ready to despair on account of it, I have consoled myself with the thought, that an all-wise God mercifully discriminates between the cause we contend for and the character of its defenders; and that he will bless the former for its righteousness, though he send the latter to hell for their wickedness.

The opinion of some among us seems to be, that their souls are safe because they are waging a good warfare; and however vicious their lives, they hope to be accepted at last for their patriotism. It is a deplorable delusion. Piety, not patriotism, is the passport into Paradise. What! does any one imagine that he will enter the City of God because he has faithfully served his country, though he die with blasphemy on his tongue? He may be the best and bravest of soldiers, but he must repent of his profanity, or he is lost forever; as certainly as he ever invoked or defied the wrath of Heaven.

Robert Hall characterizes this sin, in the language of the apostle, as the "superfluity of naughtiness," and adds: "It can be considered only as a sort of peppercorn rent, in acknowledgment of the devil's right to superiority. * * * If we attempt to analyze it, and reduce it to its real motive, we find ourselves at a loss to discover any other than irreligious ostentation, a desire of convincing the world

that its perpetrators are not under the restraint of religious fear. But as this motive is most impious and detestable, so the practice arising from it is not at all necessary for that purpose, since the persons who persist in it may safely leave it to other parts of their character to exonerate them from the suspicion of being fearers of God. * * * They are in no danger of being classed with the pious, either in this world or in that which is to come, and may safely spare themselves the trouble of inscribing the name of their master upon their foreheads. They are not so near to the kingdom of God as to be liable to be mistaken for its subjects."

Let me entreat all who may read this PAPER, especially those who are fighting for Southern freedom and independence, to cease at once and forever from this shameful sin. Is it not high time there were a reformation of tongues in our army? "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." Who will renounce cursing and swearing, and do all he can to suppress it among his comrades? Soldiers, I appeal to you as rational creatures, capable of discriminating between right and wrong; I appeal to you as social beings, influencing others by your example to good or evil; I appeal to you as moral agents, accountable to God for the use of your noble faculties of reason and of speech; I appeal to you as Southern patriots, desiring the welfare of your country, the prosperity of your government, and the happiness of generations to come; I appeal to you as Confederate warriors, committing your righteous cause to the God of battles, acknowledging his hand

in all your former victories, and looking for his aid in every future conflict and campaign; I appeal to you as men and officers, my brothers all, and fellow sufferers in this glorious struggle—sharers of a common nature, subjects of a common redemption, and expectants of a common immortality; and I beseech you by every high and holy consideration that can move the human heart, to discontinue and discountenance a practice so degrading to your manhood, so corrupting to your morals, so insulting to your Maker, so injurious to your comrades, so unfriendly to your country, so unfavorable to your success, and so pernicious to your souls!

CAMP AND FIELD.

THE SECOND BOOK

WILL BE PUBLISHED IMMEDIATELY.

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